
[1]

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Post your creepy driving stories. Driving at night or day, see/hear something, car is somewhere where it shouldn't be, etc. I'll start:

- >be a year ago
- >be like 11 at night, pitch black, no moon
- >I am driving my three friends to one of their houses
- >lives out of town, never took him home, in an area that I have never been before, I'll probably get lost, but do anyways
 - >starts telling stories about how messed up the area is: Local myth about goatman nearby, rabid dogs
 - just stare at you as you drive by with blood dripping from their teeth, an abandoned house that has one light on all of the time, ghosts haunting that road, smelling smoke and hearing whispers (I guess from a house fire many years ago) etc.
 - >drop them off, turn around to go home, spooked, so turn off radio, go slow, and try to chill
 - >start hearing noises in the car with me, think I see things in the brush
 - >get lost because area is weird
 - >I swear there is whispering in the way back of my car (driving an SUV)
 - >nope.tiff outa there, just to a main road
 - >all of the sudden, I am just in familiar area again, after my phone was not working trying to call the friend to ask him where I was and how to get out.

I know it is not creepy, but the best I have. What are yours?

[2]

One time I was driving my friend and I home along a country road, around midnight. To my right, right on the white line at the edge of the road, I caught sight of a man. I looked over and saw it was tall--probably 7 feet or so, had arms nearly to its knees, and had an almost ape-like gait, wearing a long brown coat with white "fluff" trim. I couldn't see its face myself, and this thing was not visible up until it was nearly next to the car. I thought I was seeing things until a couple of seconds later my friend said "What was that?" At that time, dread filled me.

We had both seen it, however, he saw its face-area. According to him, there was no face. It was just a moon-lit type of white area where its face should have been.

This happened about a mile down the road from an old military training base-turned church camp which burned down in the 50s or 60s.

[3]

Not necessarily driving, but this is what my friends (the ones I was taking home) did one time near his house

- >be 1 1/2 years ago
- >walk down a road that they always get creeped out driving on
- >start hearing screams in the woods near the road, faint but there
 - >see smoke rising from the tree tops (a little moon was out)
 - >smells hardcore smoke
 - >sees movement of something really far up and behind them, looks like human figure
 - >hears whispers near them, and friend's gf is basically crying
 - >feels things touching her slightly, and she is freezing
 - >they get out of there
- I have always wanted to try it, but never have.

I guess they went back several weeks later because she felt something following her, and wanted to try to get rid of it by

going back. That time, the smoke was in the road (although it could have been fog all along) and they saw something deep in the woods, fire. They NOPE.jpeg out of there again, and I have not heard about it since. I guess my friend's house is also haunted, although I hear ALL of this from my friend, so he may be paranoid, idk.

[4]

Driving friends home late at night. If I remember correctly, it was after midnight. I drop my last friend off and begin to drive home. I'm in my neighborhood/subdivision and my house is relatively close. A black SUV comes up behind me. I drive a red SUV. I didn't recognize the vehicle. I know all of my friend's cars. The black SUV started following me around. I didn't go home and looped around to confirm that the car was following me. I finally stopped on the road and the car stopped behind me. Nothing. I gunned it and so the car behind me. I started driving like Statham around the neighborhood and the SUV tried to follow. I eventually lost him and parked in the garage. South Elgin, IL.

[5]

Another story. My dad was driving this time. It was in the middle of a storm during the day. It was quite dark and pouring. In front of us, in the middle of the road (in the middle of nowhere), there is a woman in a burly, dirty coat. It's quite dirty and ragged. Very, very thick (it's the middle of the summer). She had very long black hair (to her legs) which was unkempt and dirty. She had nothing with her. Here's the creepy part. She was completely motionless, staring down at the road in pouring rain. She was slightly hunched over and her head was cocked slightly to the side.

The best-fitting explanation is that the lady was a schizophrenic bum... However, this was in a small suburban town of South Elgin. I have lived there for more than ten years, and never have we seen or heard of any homeless in that area. They generally move out further to bigger cities (Aurora or Chicago). There is a mental hospital not too far from where I saw the woman. I just don't remember if it was abandoned or not.

[6]

There is a town near Dunedin, New Zealand called Aramoana. In the 70's or 80's this guy that lived there lost his grip and murdered half the town. Women, children, everything. The gunman hid in some bushes and trees opposite the houses and was found by police later on. I can't remember if they killed him or got sent to prison. The town now is quite eerie, as the grass and trees are quite long and its right next to a beach, so quite isolated and quite. I saw nobody around during the day apart from a couple people fishing.

After a day of walking up the sand dunes and just having a look around the many rocks and cliffs, we decided to go home. It was about 8 pm when we left, and was quite dark. The only real light was the moon. We got in the car and drove down the beach track towards the main road. As we were going around the corner passed the first house I saw a figure on the side of the road crossing. She was very skinny, around mid 50's. I remember her hands quite clearly. They were so skinny and her veins stuck out about a cm high. She was wearing a long ragged black dress. Her hair was long and wirey, jet black.

She had walked out onto the road as if to get to the car, as in when we were driving passed her she would've walked into the side of the car if we had stopped. Her eyes stared into mine the whole time, even though there was barely any light and the

windows were tinted. I looked back and she continued walking into the trees on the other side and dissappeared.

The thing I remember most is her pale hands gripping her shirt closed and her aged face staring at me, with a horrified look on her face as if she was about to be murdered.

[7]

This happened a few years ago when I lived in Tennessee
>driving home from Memphis to Nashville
>be about 3 am
>halfway home, I realize I forgot to get gas
>take exit with the scant hope that I'll find a gas station that's open
>drive about 10 miles and come upon a Sunoco
>pull up to pump
>DING DING
>attendant runs out from garage and promptly begins fueling my car
>feeling pretty confused since full-service stations are rare, and one being open this late is flat out weird
>attendant starts making small talk with me
>I mention how odd it is that they're open at this time of night
>his demeanor changes from affable to wary
>things get silent and awkward
>"That'll be \$19"
>hand him my debit card
>he stares at it puzzled
>"What am I supposed to do with this?"
>explain I have no cash, only debit card
>he just stares at me
>"Well don't worry about it! This one's on the house"
>thank him and get back on the highway
Two weeks later, I'm passing back through the area
>get off at same exit

>follow road to where the gas station was
>intending to pay for the gas I got and thank them for being so helpful
>pull into lot
>the place is dilapidated
>looks like it's been abandoned for about 30 years
>get super creeped out and head back for the highway

[8]

I had to take a friend to work one morning because his car broke down and there's no public transit in this middle-of-nowhere town. It was probably 6:15am and pitch dark. I was driving along a country back road after dropping the guy off. I was fully awake, having had 3 cups of coffee inside me already. I was just on autopilot when I look ahead on the road and see this guy standing there. He was in the middle of my lane just standing there facing my car with his hands in his pockets, dressed in all black. What caught my eye was his short white hair. I merged over into the center turning lane and as I tried to go around him he started walking to try to get in front of my car. I floored it and got into the oncoming lane to get away from him. I didn't even look back, I just flew home. Had I not been watching the road I could have easily hit that man. I think he was trying to kill himself.

[9]

Getting you guys back:

>was around 16
>me and my Family were visting some relatives nearby, ca.
40~60km away
>on way home, my sister was driving, everyone creeped out

>wondering, they said a Lady in a white dress was standing on
the edge of the road
>btw it was a road through a forest. So very unusual...
>thought they were trying to trick me, but insisted in their Story...
>still not sure if true, maybe we should have stopped ?

still wondering... btw. it was about the time now... october

[10]

I was moving from Montana back to my hometown in Louisiana. On the way there was a horrible accident. A helicopter was landed and everything. A small mini-van had swerved off the road and hit a traffic sign. The traffic was almost to a halt so I could get a good look at the people involved. The EMT's were placing a body onto a stretcher to send off with the helicopter. The body had a white bloody shirt and black hair. I looked away for a bit but when I looked back there was a man standing on a hill overlooking the highway, and he wore a white bloody shirt with black hair. He was just staring at the scene. I blinked and he was gone.

[11]

I've got one that happened fairly recently, about a week ago.

>around midnight, driving home from a party with three friends
>passing through suburb, driving pretty slowly
>see group of five or so little kids playing in a cul de sac and waving glowsticks around
>it was dark, but they looked like they had some kind of costumes on
>gesture at them to my friends and say "huh. kinda early for a halloween party."

>friends all look confused and ask what im talking about
>"those kids back there. with the glowsticks."
>"what? dude, there was nothing back there."
>other friends laugh at me and tell me I must be seeing things.

I don't know, they might have been screwing with me. But I can usually tell when they're joking, and they sounded pretty serious.

What did I see?

[12]

Well I don't know if these thread is going to take off or not but here's mine. It's not exactly paranormal or outer-worldly but it did scare the crap out of me when it happened. I was driving home from a friend's house and I missed an off-ramp that I had to take, so I kept driving on the freeway and would turn around on next overpass. I took the overpass and tried to see where the merge lane was so I could get back on the freeway, but couldn't see a thing because there were no street lights or reflectors on the road. I end up passing the merge lane and kept driving into unfamiliar territory (rural vineyard area with random bushes along the road). I stop in the middle of the road make a u-turn.

Midway through my turn my headlight come across a bush and then I saw just some random person in a sleeping bag it up from the ground. Shocked I stop for a second to figure out what I'm seeing and then the person (a gaunt, possible meth-head, pants-less, old woman) jumps out of here sleeping bag and charges at me while screaming (kinda like the Witch from Left 4 Dead). SCREW THIS, I floor and turn as fast as I can and end up nicking her. I don't think I hit her too bad because she was on her feet still when I looked at the rear-view mirror. It wasn't a life or death situation but for some reason it really unsettled me.

[13]

- >Driving down neighborhood road with friend at dusk
- >Looking for other friend's house
- >Something black runs along car
- >The black thing is 4'9 and human shaped
- >The black mass jumps in front of car
- >Hit the breaks
- >Nothing around us
- >Too big for a animal and too fast for a kid
- >NOPE.jpg

[14]

Not driving, but on bus in the middle of the night.

- > Be like 13.
- > Trip to Spain with basketball team.
- > Bus through north of the country.
- > Like 1 a.m.
- > Tired but can't fall asleep, looking trough the window.
- > Suddenly green glowing light covering the whole side of a mountain ahead.
- > We pass the mountain, which must have been 2 km away from the road.
- > Huge spherical shape with intricate patterns and what looked like other sub-structures all over it, glowing brightly with that green fluorescent light.
- > The whole structure is inside what looks like a quarry that has blown half the mountain off.
- > wot.tiff
- > Look around to ask someone if they also saw it.
- > Everyone asleep.

Still puzzles me. I could have just been a building or something but why would a building glow fluorescent green in the middle of nowhere?

Also another story that happened to a friend and one of his mates.

- > Be driving along some southern rural part of Spain.
- > Notice very tall and thin figure ahead.
- > Go slower.
- > As they approach the guy, they realize he is half naked and has abnormally longo limbs.
- > His eyes are injected with blood. Face is distorted and it almost doesn't look human.
- > Taller than he looked like at the beginning.
- > They drive past that thing, filling the car with shat bricks.
- > Friend looks through the mirror, the humanoid is starting to sprint towards the car.
- > Freak out, hit the floor.
- > Car is going at nearly 80 km/h and the humanoid is still able to stay close to it.
- > They accelerate to 120 and finally lose track of it.

[15]

- >night
- >driving through a lit bend in the road, like street lights were present
- >see obvious figure walking, in a area where this sorta thing was common.
- >get closer
- >kinda like smoke, as I turn the corner, vaporizes.

At the time was with a lot of people in my car. Didn't say anything, but I do remember mouthing "wow" as in it was so vivid. But yeah not too much thought was put in to it then, same with

now.

[16]

This one happened over the summer.

- > Roommate and I want to see the meteor shower at 3am, but there's too much light to see anything.
- > Drive to the base of the mountains, but don't actually drive up the mountains.
- > Find a quiet, dark area next to a strip of bushes and a gated-off field.
- > Sit on the hood of his car and watch the stars for a while
- > Something moans in the distance. Roommate and I are unsettled, so we get back in the car and try to watch the shooting stars from the windows
- > Roommate notices a man emerge from the gated field. He gets my attention, and we watch the man hoist a huge sack over his shoulders.
- > Man's head suddenly snaps in our direction and he stares directly at us, wide-eyed and frazzled.
- > Nobody moves for a whole five seconds.
- > Man suddenly leaps back into the field with his sack.
- > Roommate zooms out of there.

[17]

I'm not native english speaker so 'pologize my grammar.

- > Deep winter night
- > Driving local highway home, 100km still to go (60miles?)
- > Road is mostly empty and weather is clear and cold, can see stars

>Suddenly carlights appear from behind
> it catches me, overtakes me and speeds in to the darkness ahead
> I see the red backlights suddenly spin. Not sideways but umm like the car rolls side to side on the road, no frontlights visible to me.
>I slow down because im not sure if the car crashed or what.
>it just speeds away after that, no accident, nothing, it just like spin at the road facing the direction it was going
>I started wondering and remembering what the car looked like when it went past me with high speed
>it was cigarshaped sportscar
>or was it
>can't remember

>ok, late summer, same road, daylight
> more traffic, but still pretty good and clear
> some car comes behind me, really close and drives there
> I try to make room for him to overtake, but he doesnt
> I see its a bearded guy with sunglasses
> he drives very close to my car, uncomfortable
> after a while he overtakes in a good spot
> very slowly and when hes right next to me on the left line I see him turning to stare me
> creeps me out, but then he speeds and disappears in the horizon
> that creeped me out, it felt so intense and evil

drive safe

[18]

When I was a kid I read a lot of books about monsters, and I was particularly interested in the Hairy Hands for some reason. Supposedly, on this one road in Dartmoor in the UK, sometimes

these disembodied hands will materialize on your steering wheel, and turn it violently so you crash your car.

Years later I was driving back to my apartment (in Florida, not the UK) on a country road (SR 70) in the middle of the night. I hadn't even thought about the Hairy Hands in years, but I guess something about driving on a lonely road reminded me of it. As soon as I started thinking about them, I swear my hands jerked to the left, just for a second, but enough for me to swerve into the oncoming lane. Luckily, there weren't any cars around, and I didn't swerve off the road or anything, but it scared the crap out of me.

I don't know what is more screwed up, an actual ghost or my subconscious trying to kill me.

[19]

> 3 months ago. Around 12 midnight.
> Need to find taxi asap back to my campus.
> Lucky enough to get one, sat at the back.
> Taxi driver spotted another passenger, asked my permission to stop.
> Being a good citizen, "yeah why not".
> Turned out to be a girl, 20-ish, student-looking babe. Good looking too.
> Suddenly taxi driver asked me to sit next to him (front passenger seat)
> Weird. Did what he told me. Too tired to argue.
> Thinking about the girl, she looked familiar. Maybe a student in my university too.
> She asked to stop about 200m from the university's entrance (Not weird, some guys have their cars parked there and stuff)
> After she stepped out, I asked taxi driver why ask me to sit in front
> He answered, "She's a ghost. I can't see her reflection in the

rearview mirror".

- > Shat bricks, taxi driver asked me where is the nearest church.
- > He planned to stay there for the night.
- > Still can't figure out who the hell was that girl.

[20]

>be 4
>back seat, with family driving home
>nearly home, still on the highway though
>traffic starts slowing down
>snailspace
>pass the bend in the road, view of wreckage
>just in time to see them load up the body
>as they do, an ultra-blue ray of light shone down from the sky,
but it did not fall like light did. It was slow.
 >as the light hit the ambulance, it just as slowly went back up
into the sky.

[21]

Driving the I-10 Southern route through Texas at night is crazy...
I'm tripping out looking for cows, cops, or whatever might make
me dead. I was alone, returning to SF from Florida.

OUT OF NOWHERE - I swear there were at least 100 miles to ANY sort of PERSON/PHONE/ETC, A dude in a blue suit (possibly medical), is walking IN THE MIDDLE of the road(a grassy like divider).....

I'm no BETA, but I'm also no fool, I slowed down enough to let him approach on my driver side... When I stopped, he stopped.

I opened my driver door, basically to show him I was friendly and see what was going on(I had a 9mm, I was not afraid of some random dude unless he had a long range which clearly he did not, as I could see him quite well at about 40 yards).

He didn't move, I couldn't see his face at all, pitch black aside from the glow of my lights(reddish)...

I felt an awkward chill run down my spine so I went to get back in the car, seeing as dude did not want to be bothered.

>Closing door

[22]

>Around 1am
>Driving home from a friends house which is only a 10 minute drive through town, and a route I've driven a million times before.
>midway through the drive I am overcome with a sense of fear.
>Begin to realise I haven't seen a single person/car/fox(which are always around this time of night)
>Sense of fear is getting worse. I know it sounds cliche, but I have an overwhelming feeling that I'm being watched or followed.
>Keep thinking I can see things in the corner of my eye
>Finally get home after what seems ages
>Everything normal

Probably not paranormal but I've never felt fear like that before, although I didn't see anything.

[23]

>10 years old

>driving around australia with my uncle, dad and cousin
>driving in the middle of nowhere in the desert somewhere at
3am
>trying to sleep while my uncle drives
>uncle and dad are talking about something
>hear them say something along the lines of "what the hell is
that"
>they pull over to the side of the road and I see 3 guys dressed
in bright yellow radiation/chemical suits(respirators and
everything)
>dad and uncle get out of the car and talk with them for a few
minutes
>uncle comes back to the car and gets his I.D to show the guys
>they get back in the car and we drive off
>don't what my dad said about it at the time but the last time I
asked him he had no recollection of the incident
>NOPE NOPE NOPE NOPE

Keep in mind this was in the middle of a desert. Even at that age I knew it was really weird for someone to be walking down a deserted road at least an hour from the nearest town.

[24]

>happened to a mate of mine
>driving down country road late at night.
>old panelvan with blacked out windows and no number plates
hammers past him
>car stops 100m in front of him, turns and guns it at him.
>mate swerves and other car just clips the back of his car
>other car lines up mate again, mate guns it outta there and gets
>chased for a good half an hour.
>never see other car again or know why they did that but it
freaked me out

[25]

>driving home from a show in a town about an hour and a half away from where I live
>friend is in the car with me
>take all back roads and talk about spooky stuff and times that we were scared
>2 am
>pitch black road
>in the middle of telling a story about a red cloaked figure I used to see at a friends apartment every time I slept there
>all of asudden a huge bird or bat or something smashes into the windshield
>bounces off and grazes my finger tips (I always have my hand out the window while driving)
>scream like little girls
>almost go off the road
>windshield isn't cracked
>no blood

What the did I hit at 2am?

[26]

I remember driving over 500 miles in one shot, going home on the highway. It was early in the morning, about 2:00am, there were almost no cars on the freeway, just me and my sister and some coffee/energy drinks.

Sometime during this time there were no cars around me at all, none behind me as there were no headlights. There was a single light that I noticed on my rear view mirror, I didn't pay much attention to it, and only glance at it during some intervals, each time it got closer and closer. I turned around but couldn't tell what

it was, thinking it was a motorcycle catching up, but it simply kept getting closer with no shape to it at all. I got a little scared thinking it might be a cop so I slowed down, and as I started to slow down and it got closer, the light suddenly disappeared. I couldn't see it at all, I didn't see it exit or anything. This wouldn't do much for me as I was tired and just wanted to arrive at my house.

The light would return, still in the same position as when it last disappeared, it scared the crap out of me and I knew I wasn't dreaming as my sister saw it too, turning her head around but not seeing anything. I simply kept driving hoping it wouldn't catch up. It disappeared permanently once I reached familiar areas, but still it was freaky as hell, no cars around, little lighting and a single unknown vehicle tailing me for miles.

[27]

>driving cross country from cali to florida
>around texas start to get tired and drift off to sleep a bit behind the wheel
>jolt back up and find myself in a bed in a motel in dallas
>wtf how did I end up here
>no memory of what happen in the last 7 hours

[28]

I was visiting my mom in the middle of rural Missouri about two winters ago when this happened. I got to my mom's town a bit before midnight or so and hadn't eaten yet, so my mom offered to run to Walmart in the town over to pick up some stuff for dinner. The trip there and the shopping were uneventful apart from buying a case of YooHoo, that stuff rules.

Anyway as we start to drive out of the parking lot, which was empty apart from probably less than ten cars, we passed a car that was off by itself on the far end of the parking lot away from the others. As we came towards it I happened to look through their windshield and saw what looked like a fat guy in a white long sleeve button down sitting in the front seat, but something seemed really off.

As we passed directly in front of it I saw the figure more clearly and wanted to scream and vomit as soon as I saw it. Whatever it was just sat there completely motionless, I thought at first that it was just some screwed up mannequin someone put in the driver seat as a prank. Whatever it was, it did wear a white business shirt and red tie, but the thing inside the shirt was a bloated, amorphous humanoid. It didn't appear to have any hair or face. Just rolls of putty-like, skin that seemed to be pulled tight over it's head. There were no eyes, nose, mouth or ears that I could see. Just the skin, It seemed like it was either wet with sweat or some sort of fluid, I could clearly see it from the car. I immediately began to spazz out and my mom asked what was up. I told her to circle the lot and pass by the car again because I thought I was going insane, so she obliged.

As we came up to the car the second time my mom slowed down so she could look too. This time it started to move violently, thrashing around in the car and punching at the windows. My mom floored it and neither of us spoke until we hit the highway. I was the first one to talk, I asked my mom "What was that in the car? You saw it! I know you saw it!" All my mom would say was "Shut the hell up, I never want to think about that again." That's my only driving story /x/.

[29]

>coming back from work at about 2 am

>decide to pack stuff and go at my brother's place for the night and sleep
>says I have to be there at 3am or else he's gonna go to bed
>He lives at about 35mins from my appartement
>txt him im coming
>get on the highway.
>usually takes me 20 minutes to get to the exit and get on his street
>just drive, a bit tired, still just looking bored at the road
>moron in red car just passes by me really fast.
>get sacred a bit and slow down.
>Reach the exit
>park my car at my brothers place
>knock on the door
>no response
>door is locked
>check the clock on my phone
>5:06 am.

Nothing unusual happened, but can't figure out how could a gap in time occur like that without me noticing.

[30]

Working as a supermarket night-filler in hicksville, australia at the moment, quite a way out from where I live. commute back and forth every night.

driving home at about 2am a few months ago. Decided to take country road I'd never done before.

No lights or anything whatsoever. huge dead trees and rotting swamps on either side of the road. hopelessly lost. do u-turn, start driving back.

At some point I started noticing an incredibly noxious smell

filtering in through the open window in the back. I stopped the car, went back and wound it up. it smelt of decaying fruit.

start speeding for some reason. keen as a mad cunt to get out of that place. see a white flash in the headlights too late and hit something with a loud wet noise upon collision that makes me want to wretch even thinking about it.

Stop car, get out. The gross smell was faded in this part but still pretty rank. I couldn't see anything at first, but then I checked the tire. a big snaked entangled, all broken in places, around the tire.

Had to use a stick to scrape it off in pieces. this took what felt like a long time. Two things made this experience particularly horrible before I drove out of there.

As I pulled a length of innards out of a clogged up area between the tyre a sort of translucent, blood soaked egg-thing burst and a mass of tiny white slithering worms spilled out in yellow puss. they writhed around near my feet and as I watched ants started swarming and eating them.

The last part I managed to pull out was the head. The head had been least mangled yet was easily the most screwed up part. It had the skin and meat of a snake but the skull and shape of the face was horribly deformed. The eyes were sunken into huge holes, the snout flattened and the lips pulled right up over a tumorous, bulging cranium, showing all the teeth and gums. the face was vaguely human-like.

[31]

I was driving to a friends who lives on a creepy dirt road that is pretty long, while I was driving I decided to put my hand out the window to feel the breeze... after a while of having my hand out I felt a hand touch my hand. I don't know if it really was a hand but

it felt like a hand.

this happend a while back,cv

[32]

Let me just point out that I live off of old Route 66, so creepy driving is almost a daily part of my life.

I usually see one or two old cars a day, just cruising along the road, and I don't think much of it, some of them nice, some of them are in the middle or restoration.

One night, coming home from work, it was probably two am, I round a curve and I see this old roaster on the side of the road, ablaze; my high beams were barely able to see through the smoke pouring out of it. It was obviously a fresh wreck, so I pull up behind it and get out to check the situation.

As I got closer to the car, I heard painful moans, so I hustled to the car. There wasn't anybody around, the door was closed and the windshield was still intact. At this point I was starting to creep out, and that's when my headlights went from high to normal.

>pants were shat.

Not seeing anybody I slowly walked back to my car, got in, and got the hell out of there, calling the cops when I got home. The next day on my way to work, the car was gone and there was no evidence of any fire either.

[33]

I was driving on a dirt road where you would have to pull off-road a little bit to let someone coming the opposite way through. While

I was driving I saw headlights coming towards me so I pulled over and waited. The car never came. I drove the end of the road and saw no cars or anything whatsoever. There were no exits from the road, either. I had this happen to me twice. It was weird.

[34]

>two years ago driving on remote highway through the desert in the middle of nowhere Idaho
>about 3am and tired and almost falling asleep
>haven't seen another car in forever
>glance in the rearview and see some headlights way off in the distance
>think 'hmmm that's weird'
>check the rearview a few seconds later and they are much closer
>start to get a little worried
>check the rearview again and the headlights are still closing in on me
>start driving about 80mph on this country highway
>headlights still getting closer
>totally start freaking out and my heart is pounding
>make a bunch of turns and drive like a bat out of hell until I get to civilization about 10 minutes later

Something about that car really freaked me out. It gave me the absolute worst feeling. On top of how scared I was of those headlights, I was also flying down this highway and I could hardly even concentrate I was so tired and confused. God that sucked. It really felt like that other car was wanting to scare me and make me crash or something, and it almost worked.

[35]

Driving on straight road, really late at night. At one point, I look over to my right and see a distinct landmark - theres nothing else like it that I could mistake it for. Realize I should be home in roughly ten minutes. About ten minutes goes by and something's odd, I'm not near home yet. But what's this coming up as I continue driving? That same landmark. I didn't turn around at any point. There isn't a second one of these anywhere. But I drove past it. Twice.

[36]

This was about 3 years ago. My friend an I were headed back to college and for some reason we had left late at night. So it was about midnight and we were coming down this stretch of highway that has nothing but trees on both sides with no lights. I'm in the passenger seat looking out the window when I see something black with green eyes about 3 inches from the car as we pass. I can't remember any details, but for some reason I want say it was cat-like, or at least the eyes were when it stared back at me. We keep driving for 10 minutes before either of us say anything. Then my roommate is like....um did you see that?

[37]

I was taking someone to work early one morning. One the way back to my place, it was about 6:15am and pitch dark. I was driving on a curvy country road. Despite the early hour, I was fully awake, having had several cups of coffee already.

I was just driving along like nothing, listening to some music when suddenly I noticed something in the road up ahead. To my

disbelief, it was a man standing in the middle of my lane. This road is a three lane road, the middle lane being a constant turning lane. He stood there in all black clothing with his hands tucked into his pockets. His white hair was what gave him away in the darkness. I decided to just drive around him as he stood still as a statue. I didn't want to look at his face. I just wanted the knot in my stomach to go away from being startled.

As I merged into the middle turning lane to avoid the man, he started stepping over as if he was trying to get in front of my car. I stepped on the gas and merged into the oncoming lane and avoided him. I didn't look back. I just drove home. All that morning I wondered what exactly I saw. Was this man trying to get hit by a car? Was he having a psychotic episode? Was he a ghost? For all I know, he could have been high as balls. One thing's for sure--he stood steady and confident in the middle of the road, dressed in black. When I picked up my friend from work, I took that same road. I noticed upon passing that same area there were skid marks on the road close to where that man was standing early that morning. Maybe I never noticed the skid marks before, they certainly weren't mine, but I found that interesting.

[38]

>driving down country road
>broad daylight
>see group of black cows walking into cemetery from afar
>think nothing of it
>get close to cemetery where cows entered
>look over at cemetery
>no cows anywhere in sight
(all flat ground, nowhere cows could've hid, went downhill or around corners. Time from when I saw them to cemetery was only about 1min)
>drive away fast and never drive past cemetery again... or go

near cows

[39]

>Went to a show with Animals As Leaders, Periphery and Veil of Maya playing in Richland, WA with several friends
>3 hour drive
>After the show we set out and right outside town got caught in the thickest fog we've ever seen
>This is like, 25mph down the highway can't see any signs at all
>We all space out for several hours
>Fog clears and we see a sign that says we're entering Washington
>wtf.jpg there's no way we left the state and came back
>The fog comes back off and on
>Driving along the road, on the left of us there's nothing but sagebrush and dirt as far as the eye can see, on the right there's a massive fence spanning the entire area during that hour with signs all over saying "MILITARY AREA, NO TRESPASSING"
>Lost in fog again and find sign saying "no services 24 miles"
>Almost out of gas no no no
>Barely make it to gas station
>Call friend, first time any of us got phone service the whole time
>Get directions home, took three more hours to get home
>No idea where we were

That's about it.

[40]

Heres one my father always tells me and my family. My father really isn't the joking type so I really believe him.

- > Be him
- > Riding badass motorcycle in the night
- > His girlfriend at the time (he was 30 years old) is on the back
- > Rural area, they are going from one small town to other
- > On their right there was the moon
- > On their left several mountais
- > It was like 2 mins with mountains on the left, than a space between mountains where there would just be the black sky for 2 mins, than another mountain
- > Suddenly between one of the mountains they saw a HUGE floating white ball
- > Everything became extremly silent
- > They were like WTF
- > Then the mountain came
- > They be panicking waiting for the mountain to pass so they can catch a look at the sky again
- > Mountains passes
- > Nothing there anymore
- > Moon still there
- > His girlfriend is panicking and screaming and losing her mind
- > They stop at this gas station and sleep there in the backroom cause she woudnt get back on the bike

Im not saying aliens but aliens.

[41]

I had a real simple yet disturbing event.

Some friends and I were driving up to Austin. While driving along the highway, we noticed the mile markers 661, 662, 663, et certera. Anyways, while passing marker 665 I cleared the odometer to get an accurate reading of one mile. As we continued down the road, looking for the 666 marker sign an odd thing occurred. My head lights began to flicker and the radio began to spew static as if a radio tower were giving it mixed signals. After a

few minutes of dropped jaws and wide eyes, the head lights become as bright as ever and the radio is clear and crisp. We never noticed the sign through all the confusion but as I looked at the fresh setting on the odometer I see that it says 1.2 miles. Not sure how to explain that.

[42]

>pick up young girl on highway
>talk to her for a while in a two seater crap tier sports car
>look at her
>she's not there
>wet patch on seat

[43]

My dad would tell me stories he overheard on the road, trucking. One was about a trucker called the skin man.

Basically, he picks up stranded people on the interstate. He just looks like a tan or black man in the dark, but if you see him in the light, he's just completely stripped of his outer skin.

He supposedly has tanned hides of all the people he's skinned from the road, under his bed or draped around. Whenever I heard about mass disappearances off an interstate I assumed it was him.

[44]

>Driving home from work
>Radio is on low
>Pass area where all the streetlamps were dead
>Pitch black apart from headlights
>Suddenly insane laughter erupts from the back-seat, incredibly loud
>Drive back into the light, laughter ceases
>Nothing in the backseat

Most horrible memory I have.

[46]

Not sure what I saw but:

>Driving home with dad from kansas in a truck
>Taking an off ramp to highway
>See a man clearly standing next to the road. Wearing, what looked like a suit. (didn't get a good look, but you could tell he was wearing white in some parts.)
>As we turn the headlights shine on him
>He disappears the second the light touches him.
>I saw him plain as day. The way he disappeared was weird too. It was like he hid behind something. Although he didn't move. He vanished from his upper left shoulder (my point of view) to his lower right leg.
>My dad only saw his leg. (he was on the freaking phone)
>Asked him if he saw that
>"Oh, it was just a skunk"

[47]

I heard this story all the time, the Karak Highway one.

>Family driving in a highway at night
>They just passed the tunnel when their car suddenly broke down
>Husband tried to find help and gets out of the car
>The wife and the baby she's crying started to hear bangs above the car
>Cars passing them start slowing down but immediately sped up after that
>After several minutes pass,a patrol car pass and shone light at them and tell her to run as fast as she can to the patrol car
>The woman looked back and saw 3 white ladies(also called as pontianak here)sucking out the blood of her husband

This story is one of the most prominent highway ghost stories I've heard, and till this day I have a mate accompanying me whenever I have a long journey(no homo)

[Image too large. Search Karak.]

[48]

>Be driving in Indiana
>Stay on interstate for a while, typical interstate, plenty of traffic, etc
>Get off interstate until I'm finally on some rural roads, huge trees that cover me and brush is all on my sides, only car on this road
>Driving to see some family
>Just driving, turn on radio to help keep awake since it was late
>See shadow figure in my headlights, looks humanoid
>Thoroughly creeped out to know someone would be walking down these roads this late, but figure w/e, I'll pass them
>Come closer, shadow becoming smaller
>Realize it's like a tiny human shadow, see something sprint across road, hit brakes and have mini heart attack
>Something that looks like a doll or action figure sprints across

road

- >Probably like a foot tall or something
- >It passes into some brush and I floor it the rest of the way to destination
- >Couldn't have been sleep deprivation hallucinations because I hadn't been awake for days or anything, wasn't sick, etc

NOPE.jpg

[49]

Here goes. A weird story from a rational individual.

>Be 19

- >Driving home from country acreage into city at night.
- >Road is pitch black until the city, the very first intersection before residential starts is very well lit, has a gas station on the right and an abandoned barn on the left.
- >Pulling up to creepy intersection, light is red, and there is one pickup truck in front of me.

>Then it happens.

- >Catch a dark figure on the right of my peripheral. Instantly look.
- >I see a waist high human figure, totally black, its head, arms, and legs were like pointed cones.
- >It is in full sprint accross the crossing point of the intersection, but it is not bouncing, its gliding across the ground despite the sprint animation.
- >Reaches other end of the street and lifts off the ground and flies upwards, did not see it fly long because it escaped the silhouette of the intersection quickly
- >Think, huh.. odd.. look forward, light is green, but truck in front is not moving.
- >I can see the drivers shadow, his head is turned where the figure went and he still hasn't noticed the light was green.

>mfw he saw it too....

[50]

First things first, I live in Mexico and roads differ from those found in the US (I've been in both).

>>me and some friends went to mexico city

We had to return via the toll free "motorway" cause it's cheaper that way.

This is not really out of the ordinary or precisely paranormal, but me and my friends were somewhat uneasy.

So this road passes next to a few towns, these kind of small towns where people are very religious and still keep their customs close to their hearts. Not largely populated or anything, just small towns.

Throughout the road, in a 6 hours drive, we came across with three other vehicles, this was from 10 pm to around 4 am. Also, one of the differences with US roads (at least the major ones) is that signals are not as abundant around here, so you would be pitch black sometimes except for the white lines and some other stuff. This is a road that goes through some woods, very dense in some parts, so you also get this nice cold.

Anyway, the fun part about this comes from the things you find in the road.

People still walk next to it on foot and every now and then you'd see people but what called our attention is that we would never see anyone's face, the people we saw were always going in the same direction than us, we would only see their backs. We also stumbled upon folks bent over, just standing, next to the road, they would not move or do anything else, they would not be

surprised by the sound of the car. This happened like 4 times. Interestingly towns were miles away from either of these peeps.

That was creepy at some extent because there was no reason for them to be standing like that (lightly clothed for a cold night) Somethin elsse was interesting.

It is common to see roadside altars of the virgin mary along the way, in this 6 hours drive we saw like 10.

Most of them had candles lighted on, and the same thing happened, the next town was not in the next 10 miles. The candles being lit surely has some sort of explanation, but some altars were not so close to the road so that you would easily reach them; this, added to the fact that almost no one was near from them left us wondering how the hell it happened.

We also saw a few shadows on the road, and heard some weird machinery-like noises that stopped very suddenly,

Sorry for the long post but I tend to include as much as possible.

[51]

>Happened to me and two friends with my one friend driving
>Last winter, no snow or anything.

>Bish in the morning, Driving 10 minutes out of town to next town for Taco Bell run.

>Probably like 2/3 minutes outside of town, I glance out the window, see weird lights flying in a awkward pattern (all zigzaggy across the sky)

>I point it out to my other two friends, we all lean and look, still driving speed limit mind you

> Kept on going along our normal path not deviating

>Afterwhat seems like forever the lights dissapear behind a cloud.

> Don't think anything of it

>Get to Taco Bell
>closed
>weird thought we had plenty of times
>check clock, almost 5' oclock
>Gas is no farther down then what would be expected for a ten minute drive, odometer is right where we thought it would be
>How did we lose over 2 hours of time??

[52]

>Driving with Michelle, a friend of mine, in a hilly area about a half hour outside the city.
>Stop as the hilly road we're on vanishes. Michelle thinks it's just a hill.
>Get out with flashlight, she does the same (had a flashlight in her purse.)
>Walk to the edge of the road, feels perfectly horizontal where we're standing...
>Turn on light, point over edge. Nothing. No road, just black.
"Gravity Hill" phenomenon at night maybe?

[53]

Wow, could put a few here...

>7:30am, heading to work, less than five miles from the house.
>Glance at the dash clock, 7:37, stop at a light at a fairly busy intersection.
>Realize that I'm sitting at a green light and go before the guy behind me honks.
>Get to work, boss wants to know what happened to me all morning. Cellphone said I was out of the area (old story) and from that stop light to work was under a mile.

>Look at clock when I get in, it's 1pm.

So, /x/, what happened?

[54]

Not driving. I was taking the train **[Close enough.]** from Chicago to DC. It was about a 20-hour trip.

>have a window seat, fall asleep in the chair
>wake up around dawn, we're going through the mountains
>first time I've been in this area
>Appalachia is creepy
>go past a lot of dilapidated villages; not sure if abandoned or extremely impoverished
>see all sort of abandoned stuff--mostly cars and buildings, sometimes random stuff like refrigerators (how did that get there?)
>my neighbor and I make comments about the stuff we see, small talk
>go deeper into the mountains, haven't seen any signs of civilisation for a long while
>go around a bend
>suddenly face-to-face with a bearded, homeless-looking man
>he's standing on a rock next to the tracks, staring intensely at the train with the most hateful expression
>neighbor didn't see him

[55]

Not my story. A long-time friend of mine who's generally very stoic called me up at about midnight to relay this story just after it happened, clearly panicking.

>he goes to school in Florida, driving home to Tennessee for the summer, about a 12-hour drive
>on the home stretch, maybe 50 miles to go
>has been off the interstate for a while now, going down a really old country highway
>steep banks, no road shoulders, surrounded by dense trees, very few turn-offs
>only one other driver on the road, person in a truck or something driving just close enough to slightly illuminate the inside of my friend's car
>they go down the road like that for about 20 minutes
>friend starts seeing small dark figures on the side of the road
>uneasy but figures he's just tired and seeing things, generally a very skeptical person
>human-sized figure suddenly runs across the road in front of him
>inside of his car goes dark a second later
>the vehicle behind him disappeared
>books it out of there
>calls me a few minutes later when he's stopped shaking
>even when he's done with the story, asks me to keep talking with him until he gets home

He's one of those alpha guys and really hard to shake. The whole thing was very striking.

[56]

>be in car with cousin, he's driving
>get to bridge
>see woman in white dress running in front of us
>takes a second, then I realize how weird it is that she's in a white DRESS and running
>get a bit closer
>she fades in a instant
>sit there for a second, don't say anything

>cousin still driving like nothing happened
>turn to cousin "d-did you just-"
>cousin doesn't break eye contact with road "see the lady disappear, yeah."
>not a single word spoken for the rest of the drive home.

[57]

>be in military
>after weeks of work I want to visit my family
>I packed some stuff and jumped in my car
>I started at 6PM, it was already dark outside
>drive without taking a rest
>not tired at all
>come home
>look at the clock in the kitchen
>realise its 3AM
>search for another clock
>its really 3AM
>ask myself how I needed 9 hours for a route where I usually need only 3 hours
>go back to my car
>display shows that I was really driving only 320km
>mfw

[58]

>two weeks ago
>gf and I going to see the movie Sinister
>driving on a back road to get onto the main route to the theater
>gf looking out window, suddenly says "what's that?"
>look out the passenger side window, see two dark orange orbs flying low to the ground around this field

>keep driving, orbs slowly come towards the road
>stop car, get out to take a video on my cell
>cell goes from 80%+ battery to 0%, shuts off
>orbs are free moving, one starts to slowly descend towards me
>jump back in my car
>orb flies back up to the other one
>orbs fly over my car and into the next field, disappear in the blink of an eye
>have heard from 3 other people in my town of similar sightings since mine
>4 sightings in the span of 14 days

No clue what they were. No plausible explanation. Very strange stuff.

[59]

Not really creepy but unusual

>4am
>driving home from a friend's house
>going through very deserted route, even during the day
>see girl hitchhiking
>chubby, in regular clothes
>I slow my car as I pass her
>she looks really calmed
>starts waving at me
>I keep going as I'm sure there is someone else on the bushes waiting to rob me
>when I look at her through my rearview mirror, she's shrugging and looking at the bushes

Why would they try to rob someone on that road? The chances of them seeing anyone there were almost zero.

[60]

Ok here we go

>I work the night-shift, Always drive home alone, along empty streets around 2-3 am.
>I took a turn pretty fast and my Ipod fell off the passenger seat and unplugged it self from my radio
>Pulled to the side of the road.
>Street was empty, Got a strange uneasy feeling.
>I looked around the street. Saw nothing, Still felt really creeped out.
>Unclipped my seat belt and started looking under the passenger sit for my Ipod
>Had a strange feeling some one was looking at me. I turned and looked out my window, I almost crapped myself as it looked like a white figure was against my window
>It was a tree on the otherside of the road, Moving in the wind. But still freaked me out
>Continued looking for my ipod, Suddenly there was a loud bang and the car started to shake
>Freaked out and looked around, Nothing was around. The car started to shake again slowly
>Forget finding my ipod, Put my foot down
>Got home figured it might had been the tire or something. Inspected the car it was completely fine. I think it might have been my mind playing tricks on me.
>But still when I drive down it at night I get the same uneasy feeling.

[61]

>be 16
>just got license

>driving down dirt road coming home from a baseball game
>being restarted... Speeding in my jeep
>came around corner doing 80+ mph
>deer in headlights
>swerve, loose control, hit ditch and flip multiple times over a fence and into a pasture
>wake up
>look over at friend
>think he's dead and yell/cry
>crawl out from under jeep and stand up
>really, really dark
>black farmer looking guy comes running
>tells me to sit down and call 911
>he walks to friend, cuts his seatbelt, pulls him out
>I pass out while calling 911
>wake up, black man and paramedics loading me into helicopter
>pass out again
>wake up next day
>fractured hip and broken cheek bone
>friend is up and walking
>I thank whatever god saved his life
>days later ask who that black farmer was
>everyone says there was no other man
>weeks later go to salvage yard
>look at jeep
>friends seatbelt was cut.

I have a black guardian angel.

[62]

I live in England when was young my dad picked me up from friends house. From village most been pretty late I guess winter as was pitch dark I was 11 years old.

Were I was brought up very remote villages with about 300 people

some villages near me just 80.

Village is bigger now maybe 600 and we don't get 6 electric cuts year like back then.

We have two street lights in the whole village now believe it was same back then.

On way back village small roads with lights on full on the cats eyes on road following way home.

Talking about school with my dad and his job he been in out work was bad for work at time.

we got back to village fine I say maybe 12 miles nothing more going past few other villages and even a town.

Once come of main road village has no cats eyes and smaller roads.

Everything fine I been on that road zillion times before and after we got to last turn in road before house which like 20 seconds round that last bend.

My dad is signaling to turn right no cars around not seen one for long time anyway . we just gone past farm and two houses nothing much else there just grass and tress and bush's .

In totally dark just like now you just see your own headlights and indicator in pitch dark flickering away.

My dad had radio off he hardly had it ever on in-less he listen Tina turner on old cassette tape.

I remember how silent it went like dead and like time almost stopped and this bright light came down on car from all around.

It was blinding like from all around from everywhere just white light.

I remember looking around seeing just light and I could see my

dad driver seat doing same looking around COVERD IN THE LIGHT.

Then it was gone in flash no sound nothing but then I could hear the engine and the signaler ticking away which I didn't even notice stop.

I just herd silence and felt light before nothing else I never even notice are car engine or lights turn off . Was like I was in dream for less then what could only been like 20 - 30 seconds to me,.

My dad looked me I looked him . He looked as shocked and chilled down spine as I was.

1 min later we in house and my dad saying strange most been military new project or silent helicopter or something,

this still scare me today I can't explain it or type it to well Dyslexic sorry bad grammer.

but my dad and me still don't know what it is and chills talk about it today.

I am 31 now .

All I can remember is so much bright light and a pure sense of silence and calm.

Normally you can hear birds or something like wind there or trees in woods even if in car on that spot. Can't explain it to this day.

[63]

I work at a haunted house this time of year, it's a big ol' thing with a corn maze and monsters and all that jazz, I'm one of the actors who jumps out at you and gets punched in the face. It's miles away from civilization in the farmland and I carpool with a girl who lives nearby me.

>Be riding home with her driving
>~1 AM, no other cars on the road
>Radio on, neither talking
>Looking out window, half asleep
>Passing field of long, tall grass or wheat or something
>Off in the distance
>Giant white thing walking in the same direction as us, but away from the road
>Walks on all fours, hard to explain figure
>Graceful, mesmerizing
>Sit up, won't take eyes off it
>"Hey, do you see that?"
>"See what?"
>Watch it continue walking until it's out of view

It was weird, almost calming to see, though I know I should have been practically crapping myself.

[64]

>Driving back to university after summer holidays
> Stop off at a services for some food & a nap (it's a 4 hour drive back)
> Woken by some dude knocking on my window
> he looks really scruffy but for some reason I roll down the window
> he asks for a lift to Sheffield (about 30 miles away)
> Stupidly agree
> We get talking as I drive off
> His name is Warren, he's 56 & I quote "he's going to Sheffield to murder his daughter because she ran off with £20,000 of his savings with her boyfriend"
> start getting worried
> He goes into detail how he has a copy-key to her flat in Sheffield (shows me the key)

> Okay, he could be lying.....
> Says he is going to knock her out, tie her up & torture her.
> Goes into his backpack & pulls out a full blown, military grade machete.
> NOPE all the way to Sheffield
> Make small talk on other subjects while crapping myself
> Once he leaves the car, call the police & make a report

& that was the last of it, no news or contact with him or police since but my god I thought I was going to get car jacked or at least threatened for money.

[65]

>two years ago
>me + two others on a dirt road in a forest
>notice smoke, drive towards it
>holycrap two story high flames
>drive outta there like crazy, don't wanna get trapped
>go back to the same spot next day
>nothing burnt, trees are fine
>.nope

[65]

I drove to my girlfriend's one friday morning for the holidays.
>Tired of the road that I have driven at least 1000000 times in my life
>It's like a 150km drive.
>Get a bit off the beaten track for some new scenery
>Typical, warm south african day.
>Approaching a valley and see red SUV infront of me driving opposite direction, about 1km away

>Enters the valley ahead of me and slips from my sight
>Go down the valley
>Where is the SUV??????
>I stop next to the road, thinking it must've had an accident.
>Look through the bushes and under the bridge of the river.
>Find nothing
>on my way back I see tire marks on the sand next to the road.
>The tracks run dead and at the end there's a small white glove.
Perfectly stretched out and way too clean.
>Nope out of there.

[66]

When I was around 9, my family and I were driving home from a holiday. It was kinda dark out. I was just sitting there, looking out the window when I saw some dude with no hair and just his shirt on, standing at the side of the road. He looked right into my eyes. I asked if anyone else saw him and they all said no.

[67]

>Few years ago, about 21 years old
>Driving around because I can't sleep
>Driving down unpaved back roads (Used to live in rural area)
>Hear a blood curdling scream
>Stop dead and look around
>Suddenly something or someone is smashing against the side of my car
>See a group of what I think are people running towards the car from a field about 30 yards away
>Floor it and get out
>Go home
>Move to city within the next month

[68]

>Be 12
>Staying the night at friend's house
>We decide to go to walmart at 11pm
>We don't have any means of transportation
>Steal bikes
>Walmart is about 8-9 miles away
>Have to cross two bridges over lakes
>spend a couple hours in walmart doing literally nothing
>Eventually start to ride home
>everywhere is just COVERED in fog
>Have to ride over the bridges that were once clear, but now
foggy
>Hear the most disturbing noises coming from the first lake
>Never pedaled so fast in my life

[69]

Hi /x/, this happened to my step grandad when he was young.

>Be out with friend
>decide its getting late and drive home
>is 12:00 meaning no buses
>driving by see a girl standing at bus stop
>offer a lift home
>she gets in the car and they start driving towards her house
>once they arrive they look in the back seat and she's gone
>handn't stopped anywhere for her to of gotten out

Apparently they went up to the house and they parents said that this had happened before.

[70]

I used to be a bus driver in Mexico (Morelia to be specific). My normal route is to a small crappy rundown town/ranch called DeSantiago which is 3 hours from Morelia. On my last route my boss told me to spend the night at the terminal because I have the early shift the next morning (which is something common for bus drivers to do).

So after a few rounds of Metal Slug X at the terminal I go inside my bus to sleep, which was located at the other end of the terminal. It was deserted but I didnt care. I lock the entrance door and k.o.

A few hours in my sleep (3am) I sorta woke up to the sound of someone walking outside the bus. I didnt want to get up so I just laid there. I hear an old lady voice asking from the outside if this bus was going back to Morelia.

What? It's 3 in the freaking morning! I stand up, look outside the windows. Nobody.

That morning I spoke to the security guard asking about some lady inside the terminal. He looked at me all weird saying that the terminal is closed off to everybody at night.

wtf?

Walk back to the bus confused, started my shift. As I drove away from the terminal, what I found is that a cemetery is located right behind the terminal. Right behind where I was sleeping.

Never drove that route again.

[71]

There's a road close to junction 31 of the M1 motorway in England called Packman Lane, that was supposedly haunted. Years ago me and some friends went we could see anything, and sure enough when you drive down the road, it seems to trigger something that looks like a figure walking at the side of the road. As it was night time I put it down to a trick of the headlights hitting the hedge row a certain way. However, I wanted to be sure so a couple of us got out of the car and stood in the area where the apparition "appears", and waited for my friend to drive down and trigger the ghost.

>ghost of a man dressed in what looked like an old army uniform starts walking towards us

We ran like hell, jumped back in the car and have never been back since. I don't even believe in ghosts so it's difficult to reconcile what we saw, but I know for sure it wasn't just a trick of the headlights.

[72]

>be 18
>driving to friends house with 4 other bros
>30 minute drive through thick forest, no houses/lights for miles
>see a friends brothers truck parked on the side of the road
>figure he's hotboxing (people drive down there all the time to smoke up, drink ect.)
>decide to stop and chill for a bit, already pretty baked.
>walk up and see blood all over the inside of the windows
>Friends brother blew his head off with a shotgun.

I still have nightmares.

On a side note, about 10 years ago a guy kidnapped 3 women and tied them to a tree in those woods. He raped and tortured them for weeks until one of them got away and somehow found her way to the road. Some poor bastard found her horribly beat up naked body on the road. None of them survived and nobody has been charged.

There's all sorts of stories of people seeing a womans ghosts in the woods, but I guess that's to be expected. I haven't driven down there in years.

[73]

I remember a weird story

>be about 6 or 7
> riding in the back country back from uncles house
>In an SUV and riding in trunk looking out back window
>Night time so seeing headlights of car behind me
>From the way im looking, it seems like we're driving backwards,
the road was coming towards me almost
>wtf.jpg
>Get home, ask parents about it
>they say that happens sometimes
>wtf.gif

Don't know. Maybe they were just tired and gave me a generic answer, but legit saw something strange.

[74]

>Few years back

>my dad and I were going across the country for his job
>middle of the night, raining
>have to pee
>stop at a rest stop
>come out and all four tires were cut
>we were the only car in the parking lot for this to happen
>never found out who did it or why

[75]

>Be 16
>Have undiagnosed (at the time) psychosis
>Riding in car to brother's big karate meet thingie in Missouri
(we're from Ontario)
>Somewhere about 7 hours into the trip, it starts raining. Hard
>No, I mean this is such rain that we cannot see out of the
windshield, or windows.
>Dad stops the car on the side of the highway, waiting for the
rain to clear.
>Hear dull thump and yelp about 20 feet behind us
>Shouldn't have been able to hear anything, as the rain was
pounding too hard, but I heard this yelp and thud clear as day
>Hear scraping
>Scraping draws nearer, and we're still sitting on the shoulder
getting drenched by rain
>After a minute of silence, scrape scrape
>Pretend I'm tired and bury my head in a pillow
>Scrape scrape
>Oh dear lord make it stop
>Something scrapes the bumper with fingernails or claws or
god iknows what
>NOPE NOPE NOPE
>Silence
>Can't looki out the back window, everyone else is just sitting
around waiting for the rain to clear so we can get moving.
>Silence

>Rain starts clearing
>Silence
>Look back as we start driving away
>Prepare colon for immediate release
>There's somebody behind our car, blood running from their head, fingernails missing and blood running from raw fingers from scraping so much
>Bury face in pillow as we drive
>No scrape
>Look back
>She's waving.
>Smiling
>Smiling so wide like human mouths can't stretch that far
>Look forward again, try to push the image out of my mind
>Never forgot that scraping noise.

[76]

I'd driven from Northern England to east Germany on my own. The reasons aren't really important, but I'd been to see an associate who'd recently retired. Anyway, I was lost. Very lost. I had a map which I couldn't make sense of and this was the age before affordable GPS so I was on my own for the foreseeable future. I drove for about an hour and saw what appeared to be a small town in the distance so I drove toward it. To my relief, it was a mining town and it appeared to have life in it. They even had a hotel and an extremely communist looking shopping centre built around it.

So, being the adventurous (read stupid) type I pull the car up and decide this is a great place to ask for directions. I walk in the front door of the concrete structure and ring the bell on the desk. No answer. I ring it again and call out in my best German to see if anyone is around. No answer, again. As I turn around I notice mine is the only car in the car park aside from some ancient van and the only sound of life is coming from a bar adjacent to the

hotel entrance. It looked like a nuclear bunker had been converted into a bar and had people inside so I went for a look.

Now I've been in my share of dodgy establishments on both sides of the bar, but this place was something else. It was like the Mos Eisely Cantina with skinheads. No matter, really. Walking out now would draw even more attention so I bought a bottle of beer and smoked a cigarette. The only others in there were a group of 6 that were eyeing me up and a man slumped over the bar, so I tried my best to get some directions from the barman.

He didn't want any of it. Told me in broken English that I'd be better off driving to Berlin and staying there for the night.

Undeterred, I got back in the car to study my map in more comfortable surroundings. After a few minutes of looking at the map, I started the engine and looked up to see the occupants of the bar walking out toward me - pointing and shouting. One of them had a big plank of wood.

Naturally, I gave it some beans and slid around the wet car park police chase style. They piled in the van and pursued me. I was freaking out and decided that only top speed driving would suffice. They chased me for miles, through hamlets and down deserted roads. After a while, they completely disappeared. I was looking in my mirror and they were about 30 feet away, all of a sudden their headlights went off and I never saw them again. I ploughed on through the forest roads and ended up on the autobahn.

A few hours later I'd reached my destination near the Polish border and had drank about half a bottle of Schnaps to calm me down. I spent most of the day looking out the window in case they'd found me. I don't know what they were angry about but something in between me leaving and them coming out angered them greatly.

[77]

I'll submit a slightly odd true story -

One time me and Christina were driving back from helping my brother set up his new room at University, it was in November I think though I'm only guessing that because it was a very dark, very cold drive home.

She was driving, and anyway we pulled into a service station for trucks and the like, I remember she went to get a room, but for whatever reason I decided to sleep in the car, I think to prevent people from trying to rob it, though if I'm honest it's probably that I didn't want to walk the short distance inside. (Yes it was that cold)

I dozed off after a while, it was actually quite comfy and the world seemed to float away as I got that warm tingle spread through me with every heartbeat. I think it must've been around 2 AM when I woke up, cause it was pitch black.

When we'd arrived there were a few lorries parked around, but the carpark was empty now. I didn't know why I'd woken up, but I heard a bump on the side of the car a second later, I was kind of in a daze and half asleep anyway.

I awoke proper in the morning, I remember it being that kind of extremely clear, frosty sort of cold morning usually reserved for November. I sat like this for a short while and decided to stretch my legs, the cold hit me instantly and sharply shoved any remaining sleepiness out.

I was about to turn and get back in when I saw mud on the door handle, none of the others, just mine, and it was shaped like a hand.

[78]

Driving home from other coast of Florida, (I live on west, we were returning from east) when the GPS decides to take us to some strange back route instead of the way we came. We were driving on this one deserted creepy road for a while. It was a clear night, no rain or wind but the road had trees covering it like a tunnel. Me, Boyfriend, and his brother were about to pee ourselves from the amounts of creepy and tried to make light of the situation by joking about it.

We'd been on the road for about 40 minutes when the speed limit sign decides to fall over and fly into the road. No wind or signs of life. Cried for a few minutes, made the boys move it off the road, and gunned it the other 60 miles to civilization.

[79]

I was driving a shortcut from Twentynine Palms, CA to Albuquerque, NM. Twentynine Palms is located in the desolate high desert east of LA. The shortcut was all two lane road through total nothingness, except for passing through Amboy, CA. Amboy is a nearly abandoned town nearly as far below sea level as Death Valley, with a dormant volcano and lava field on one side and a salt flat on the other. It was also, at the time, a hotspot for satanic group activity.

So I was driving by myself in the afternoon. I stopped in Amboy and snapped a picture of the city sign, just to prove I was there to friends who dared me to take that route to I-40. I got back in my car and proceeded to drive up into the mountain range between Amboy and I-40.

Once I reach the top I am driving north through a canyon with high grass on both sides of the road. Up ahead I see some stuff in

the middle of the road. As I approach I slow down to see a red Pontiac Fiero stopped sideways across both lanes, a suitcase open with clothes scattered everywhere and two bodies laying face down in the road, a man and a woman.

I stop a hundred feet or so away and the hair on the back of my neck is standing up. Being a Marine, I reach under the seat and pull out a 9mm pistol and chamber a round. Something seemed very wrong, it looked too perfect as if it were staged. An ambush? Was I being paranoid? Something was just wrong. Getting out of the car seemed unthinkable, it was the horror movie move.

As I scanned the road I saw a line I could drive. Pass the guy in the road on his left, swerve to the right side of the woman, behind the Fiero and I'd be on the other side. I dropped it into first gear, punched it and drove the line I planned.

I passed the back of the Fiero without hitting it or either of the bodies in the road. I continued forward a couple hundred feet and slowed down so I could breathe and let my heart slow down. As I looked up into the rearview mirror I saw that the two bodies had gotten up to their knees and twenty or so people emerged from the tall grass on either side of the road by the car and bodies.

At that moment my right foot smashed the gas pedal to the floor and did not let up until I had to slowdown for the I-40 east onramp.

I will never know what would have happened to me had I gotten out of the car to check on the bodies or stopped my car closer to them. Somehow I do not think it would have been good. Sometimes real life can be scarier than a movie.

[80]

So, my friend and I were driving back to college after a party in

central/western NY. Due to some detours, we wound up getting turned around in Rochester and wound up in Le Roy. We decided that the best option was to get onto route 19, follow it up towards Brockport, and find our way from there.

On the way, we passed some houses with garage lights on. I turned my head to look out the passenger window for some reason, and at the end of the driveway, I saw a figure. It was of a man of medium build, wearing a plain white T-shirt, light blue jeans, and white sneakers. He had dark brown hair, but in that second, I couldn't gather any facial features.

I turned to my friend and asked about it, giving as much detail as I could. She got a worried look on her face, and said that she'd heard an urban legend about it and to keep driving.

We unfortunately got lost even more when we came across a detour, as about 10 miles of route 19 was apparently under construction. On this detour, she mentioned seeing the figure herself, and I saw it twice more myself. We eventually found 104, and found our way back that way.

The friend never wound up telling me what the urban legend was, and I'd never heard of it myself before. I'm perfectly willing to believe that what we saw was the result of myself first mistaking a pile of furniture behind a mailbox or something as a person, or even full on hallucinating because of stress and exhaustion, and the other times we saw the figure were a result of hysteria. I am, however, curious about the urban legend she mentioned.

So my question is this: what urban legend is there involving my story, or is it the generic "man in the back seat" legend? Also, if there is a specific urban legend, is it only for the area we got lost in, or more widespread than that?

Me and my dad were traveling from one of our houses to another and I live in Mexico so most of the road was beaches, farms and woods, the woods are creepy at night but this was daytime so I didnt expect anything to happen, but we came to this part that looks like a big farm with old wood fences and spike wire, I was just looking at it while listening to music when I noticed someone... riding a horse.

Now this isnt weird around here but he was going fast, and I've never seen a horse go so fast, it was like he was racing us in the other side of the fence, suddenly the fence stops, and the rider "crashes"... and I say crashes but I didnt saw anything, it was like he just vanished when he touched the end of the fence, I screamed because I thought I saw someone die, my dad asked what happend, but he obviously didnt believe me and said he didnt saw anyone.

Also he said those farms were abandoned long ago.

[82]

>My dad was a truck driver.

>We were driving back from a job, because I often help him with jobs.

>We are in Bishop, going back to Nevada.

>It is a lightning storm, and all of the sudden we see a bolt hit a humanoid figure, but it just seems unphased and just stares at us.

>The place where you would expect eyes were just nothing. It stared into your soul.

>Dad began skidding off road.

>Almost capsized, but I get him back into it.

>We continue driving, turning the Queen higher.

>Dad saw it too.

>To this day, he will not drive past 12 AM.

[83]

>About 4 years ago
>Me and my big bro walking to town from country home
>Taking back roads
>Haven't seen a car in twenty minutes
>I see a blue light in the woods
>"Hey, what's that?"
>"...not sure."
>"You see that ligh-"
>Light vanished
>Hear twigs breaking
>Coming in our direction fairly fast
>Town is within sprinting distance
>whereeverwerunwemustrunfast.jpg
>Run the fastest I've ever run in our lifes
>Make it to the Sheetz
>Call our mom to pick us up
>We try and tell her, she doesn't believe us
>Forget about it for two years, moved a town away
>Me, big bro, and mom are watching the news
>A man, woman, and child are found dead, horribly mutilated
on a back road
>Realize it was the same road
>Me and big bro look at each other in pure terror as mom just
calls it a "horrid shame"
>We now know the true meaning of terror

[84]

>Be summer this year
>Driving to weekly vidya event, taking rural roads

>See baby carriage on side of road
>wtf no biggie
>Coming home around midnight
>Don't see carriage where it was
>See carriage about a mile up hill
>WTF
>Pretty sure see someone in farmer's field
>Floor it home

[85]

>be between 5-10 years old
>driving to my mom's friend's house
>she lives way out past these woods and highways
>driving there around 6:30, it's getting dark
>see some sign that says "COME IN TO PLAY" or something like that in red letters
>nope.avi
>ask if anybody else saw it, they said no
>never see it again
>nopenopenope.mp4

[86]

Supposedly there is a road near my town where every night around 2AM a man walks back and forth looking for his dead wife. My sister and I repeatedly drove on it one night and each time we saw a man walking with a baseball bat constantly switching the side of the street he was walking on. Whether or not this was the man from the local story its still creepy for someone to pacing a street at 2 in the morning with a bat.

[87]

- >Be a pre-teen
- >Goin' to Aunt's house
- >On the way there, corn stalks lining the roads
- >On the way back, no corn stalks lining the roads
- >Only at her house for 2, maybe 3 hours
- >See something in the middle of the road
- >Mom kinda drives over it
- >Everyone gets out of the car, 'cept me
- >Notices it's a corn stalk
- >Mom searches through it
- >There's blood
- >MFW Children of the Corn

[88]

Another /x/phile touched on this somewhere in the thread, but never explained themselves, so I explain it.

There is a stretch of highway in NSW, Australia that is about 200km long, called The Pilliga. Either side of the road is extreme dense bush, with no turn off or anything the whole length of the 200km, besides some small truckies rest stops. As the story goes, a homeless lady used to walk along the highway, and get picked up by the truckies for some 'fun' and a night's sleep.

Well sometime in the 70s (or 80s or 90s, depending on who you talk to) she was hit by one of the truckies who couldn't stop in time and made her into roadkill. It's said her ghost still travels up and down the highway, with her trolley of rubbish and clothes.

The Pilliga bush is also well known for yowies, bunyips, ufo sightings and other unexplained stuff like this. Check out this soundclip of a bloke called Bongo, who rang into the ABC (an Aussie radio station) and told his story. Overall consensus is that it's BS, but he tells it well, and it's worth a listen.

<http://blogs.abc.net.au/localradio/2009/10/the-pilliga-princess-.html>

[89]

>Be 15
>With friends at Ross Creek
>Huge mossy pipe
>We walk into it to prove to each other we aren't wimps
>Smells awful
>Dead rats everywhere
>Hear cracking sound up ahead
>See tall, orange, naked and scabby humanoid thing chewing on a bone
>Sees us, it screams, we freak out
>Get out of there
>Here splashing behind us
>Oh no, he's chasing us
>all run towards the ladder we got down to the creek & pipe with
>Run away
>Never return to Ross Creek

We haven't told anyone, the police probably wouldn't believe us, and the people stupid enough to check it out would die.

[90]

I go to school at Texas Tech in Lubbock and make a 300 mile drive home to Fort Worth to go home. I haven't seen anything, but 114 East is your typical country, two-lane highway that's all but deserted most of the time. I hate driving it because I always feel that I will see something once the sun goes down, since being on the road completely alone miles away from any towns... it's not fun.

I've heard plenty of stories from other people who take back-roads home, though. One of my friends attests he saw a UFO over a ranch, and another story a friend told me... I really have a hard time typing it because it freaks me out something bad. Basically he saw something "humanoid" alongside the road, moving in an unnatural manner.

Literally could be anything, but the way he tells it gives me chills.

[91]

>January 5th, 2003.

I was in Germany on some country-roads, I'd had been up all night driving trying to find my way to the netherlands with minimal success due to not knowing anything about german or anything. I was approaching this city where I could ask for some help. On my left while driving in to the city, I see a battalion (about 70 soldiers) dressed in Wehrmacht clothing marching, singing a marching song. I close my eyes and then reopen them, there not there, I later looked it up and found that the road is infact haunted. A B-17 bomber dropped some bombs (by pilot error, he thought he was over the town, not on the road.) on a marching battalion and most of the soldiers died, some didn't and suffered gory injuries.

[92]

I suppose I'll chime in with some stuff. I've posted this before but it's been a while, maybe someone will recall me.

Years ago I used to drive a little cutaway bus for a temp labor agency. Yanno, driving around the bums and drunkards to odd jobs so they can afford booze, smokes, and a cup o noodles to last them the day. We didn't generally go too far, usually within a three county radius of us.

But on that job I've seen some things.

Back in the day they were building a target distribution center in this backwater town just off of I-95 called Midway, Georgia.

Midway is an unsettling place anyway. Lived there a few years as a kid and I could fill a nope thread about it; but that's besides the point.

Anyways they called frequently for us to take a handful of hobos out there to sweep the floor and otherwise be useful, and often a bunch of them at a time. This place was massive, with hundreds of truck bays.

The head nigga in charge out there was a mexican gentleman who was the soul of pleasantry itself to me. But he didn't tolerate temps who did halfassed work or tried to hide and drink somewhere in this big place. When the occasion arose that he was displeased with someone's performance, we would be called to come and collect the temp in question.

it was annoying to drive back out there from savannah again, but it was overtime so I didn't mind so much. On one particular occasion I wasn't surprised when I got the call, because I had near left the temp in question on the side of I-95 for being stupid enough to open a beer on my bus. Probably would have been better for everyone if I had.

I get out there, and wind up sitting for an hour while they try to locate this guy. The foreman has a couple of barracudas in a milk crate with some water bottles stuffed in their mouth to dry in the baking hot georgia sun. Was unsettling.

Anyways they can't find this idiot, last they say of him he was sitting by the construction trailer, right where I was parked. One of the other temps even crawled under it to make sure he hadn't hid under there to sleep it off.

I'm fed up at this point and say that if he shows back up he can wait until the usual pickup time for his ride back. But as I'm leaving I spot a red dot in the middle of this huge parking lot.

It's his hard hat, and the man's no where to be found.

We never saw him again. Have no idea what happened to him.

On another occasion some months later I was called back to the same site to pick up another guy whose been slacking on the job. It's autumn now, and it's rainy, cool and miserable. Again they take great pains to find this man, again they can't locate him. Again I say if he reappears he'll have to wait until pickup time.

Again I'm driving away, and again I spot an unseemly dot of color, but this time in the mud where they haven't yet laid sod for aesthetics sake.

I'm pretty sure it wasn't there when I drove in.

I'm pretty sure I would have noticed the man walking out on the way in, especially since the whole complex is fenced in and you have to go through a guard shack to get in or out, even before they were open for biznaz.

Hardhat hadn't been sitting there long enough to collect water in it. No footprints around it. If the dude could have thrown it that far off the road he should have been playing football, not sweeping floors for minimum wage.

Since this time, I've moved to north carolina, and obtained a similar job driving a cutaway for a non-profit, mostly providing transportation for the elderly and disabled.

Alot of trips took us down to wilmington, and alot of that was at o dark thirty in the morning if someone's appointment was at seven.

I would usually take the backroads, highway 53 towards burgaw rather than 17 south. You can go 60 the whole way without much in the way of traffic.

It's about 6am, and I'm going somewhat slower than the speed limit, because it's a very rural area and the last thing I need is to hit a deer. so I go canny, you know.

my highbeams catch the glow of animal eyes, so I let up off the gas and wait to see what it's going to do.

It wasn't a deer. I swear to god, there was an african lion in the middle of a north carolina road at 6 n the morning.

Another time I was picking up a handful of old people to take to the senior citizens center for lunch, and a mama bear and two cubs darted out into the road in front of me. Since my choices were either swerve head on into a tractor trailer or swerve into the guardrail and potentially through it and into the creek below, baby bear bit the bullet.

It wasn't quick or pretty, by the time I squealed to a stop, the cub was stuck between my passenger side wheel and the passenger stair well and wailing pitifully. The scariest ten minutes of my life when mammabear kept rushing the bus, roaring, trying to help her baby, while I've got four shrieking old ladies and I'm trying desperately to call for animal control and a wrecker over the CB.

[93]

When I was a teenager, I was coming home late from my boyfriend's house. The streets were pretty much empty except for me and this old Cadillac in front of me. We were sitting at a red light and when it turned green, the cadi didn't move for a good 5 seconds, when out of nowhere a car heading the other direction runs the red light. Had the car in front of me gone, I'd have been hit for sure. I looked down to grab my phone (which only took a few seconds) to call my boyfriend, as I'd been very freaked out. When I looked up the cadi was nowhere to be seen. It wasn't in front nor had it turned, and my city is on a gird so you can see pretty far. Totally freaked me out, but saved my life.

[94]

Alright, I've got one that happened to my best friend:

- >Friend is driving with her sisters and brother in law.
- >Speed limit on this particular road is only about 35mph.
- >They notice a man on the side of the street about to cross the road.
- >Drive past.
- >Brother-in-law notices the guy that just cross stops in the middle of the road behind the car.
- >Friend looks in rear-view mirror as her sisters turn around to look.
- >Man in the road faces them and begins to sprint towards the car as they're driving away.
- >Man has eerily and unnaturally colored eyes that reflect like a cat's.
- >They continue watching and driving until they turn the corner to which the "man" pivots and retreats to the other end of the road.
- >Mfw this friend and her family are not into paranormal things and are pretty well substantiated when it comes to things that

require honesty and concrete facts.

[95]

>'09
>Doing old Route 66' with a buddy
>Driving through rural Texas in the middle of the night
>See something up ahead in the middle of the road
>Stop
>There's a dude just standing there, hands up int he air,
staring blankly ahead.
>roll down window, ask if he's okay
>No response, just keeps staring straight ahead, frozen in that
position
>Start getting creeped out, so we decided to drive -slowly-
around him.
>He doesn't move, doesn't even look at us, just stands there
with his hands in the air.

[96]

When I was 24, I was saving money to move to Japan (live here now). At the time I was working at a trucking company just south of Indianapolis, and I was taking a late night shipment out on I-65. The road ahead was blocked due to construction, so I was forced to take an alternate route.

Mind you this was before GPS and fancy smart phones, so I shamefully admit that I got a bit lost. Stopped at a rest stop, knowing that the shipment was going to be late regardless due to this delay. I was the only truck at the stop

Outside in my rear-view window, I saw an attractive woman

holding her hand out. I got out and went to check, a bit creeped out. She stood there for a moment, facing the other way, and then turned to me. I heard a voice "You shouldn't stay here". It was then I realized that the truck had started itself. I woke up almost 30 minutes later in the driver's seat, the woman was gone.

I left immediately and went back to driving, still a bit tired. The next week I saw on the news that a gas explosion had occurred at that rest stop, less than 2 hours after I had left.

To this day, I think that something supernatural warned me to leave.

[97]

I was driving down a rural road one night, moving back home with my stuff in the trunk and backseat of my car. In the middle of nowhere I ran over a nail or something and popped a tire. I drove on a little further and off the road to the gravelly side near a crossroad, hoping I'd be more visible and maybe flag someone down seeing I didn't have a spare.

I tried calling roadside service from the nearest town but they were all closed. No mechanics available. After a tirade full of curses and tire kicking, I sat next to my car, on the gravelly dirt, back against wheel, bolts digging into my shoulders, I didn't care. My phone was dying because I used it to listen to music instead of the crappy country radio stations. So I was forced to turn it off if I wanted to get out of there in the morning. I was cut off from the world, and felt so isolated.

I waited for what felt like 2 hours with no other cars in sight. Then I saw a man walking up to me passing a ditch. It was beyond dark so couldn't make out his face, I got up as he came closer. He offered to replace my tires, guaranteed them and said they'll get me anywhere I wanted to go, that I could go anywhere I pleased

perfectly safe and without fail. I told him I didn't have any cash on me (only plastic), he didn't seem interested and said I could write him a "promise to pay" which sounded crazy to me, I was clearly just passing through. I told him it was okay and that a tow truck was on its way.

"It's lucky you found one at this time of night" He said these words politely but there was a definite hint of seething in them. He smiled, that I did see, like the Cheshire cat, then he walked back into the ditch and into the tall grass. I got back into the truck and waited for 15 minutes then drove off on the flat for 30 kilometers destroying my wheel. I didn't care, I was so done.

>Totally didn't sell my soul to the crossroads man for a tire.

[98]

Ah what the hell... So this was around the time when I was 23. Me, my younger brother and 2 friends (they were a couple) were driving out to lake havasu to visit some family, but we left a day earlier than planned with the intent of camping up near payson for a night.

So we pulled off H40 and were halfway to the camp grounds, it was about 7pm and already pretty dark. Up ahead on the road we see this big black mass off the side of the road. At first we thought it was a bear (theres quite a few up there) but you could see the thing had no limbs at all. It didnt have any eyes or discernible anatomy either from what I can remember.

As we were fixing to pass this thing it suddenly lept out in front of the car. My friend's seen some weird things in the past so he just hit the gas with the intent of running over whatever the hell it was. Not a single bump. Instead of hitting something, our car just passed through, but the interesting thing was seconds afterwards we got hit by a wave of nausea. We kept driving for about a

minute or so before pulling over and pretty much everyone upchucking all over the side of the road.

Was an interesting experience though.

Another smaller story: I used to own lots of hamsters, eventually they all cannibalized one another (since I was too young to know any better) but ever since that happened youll see little black masses rolling across the floor in the living room, hallways, etc.

[99]

Suppose since I lurked the life out of this thread I should contribute something... Not exactly paranormal, but scarring nonetheless...

A few years back, going on a road trip with my brother and a couple of his mates, crammed into a car way too small for us, driving through the outback (Australia, by the way). It's getting a bit late, one of the guys complains about wanting to find somewhere to crash for the night. As we were coming up to a small town surrounded in bushland (Few km's out) He asks if he can get out to stretch his legs, so the driver agrees to shut him up.

Middle of the night, middle of nowhere, so he just pulls up in the middle of the road and turns the engine off.

Not a second after the engine was switched off, Loudest cracking sound ever...Before we even had time to flinch there was a big thud on the bonnet of the car, we all freak out and lock the doors asap, trying to see what the noise was in the dark.

Guy in the middle seat in the back came prepared, pulls out his Dolphin light and clicks it on, we see a beaten up, bloodied face looking back at us, not moving, Rope tied around his neck, huge

branch crushing him.

Never before have 5 guys screamed so loud and for so long...

Turns out he was from the town and came out there to off himself, climbed the largest tree he could find, but it broke under his weight and we were just lucky enough to have stopped right there... Needless to say, I haven't gone road tripping since...

[100]

Not paranormal, but still creepy and road related.

- >live on same road for 18 years
- >road I live on has main road at the top
- >all my life every so often I see ar bumpers, broken brake light glass and the like laying in the main road
- >never any reports of accidents
- >never think much of it
- >be 19
- >in friend car driving home at roughly 12.30PM
- >see grey car pull out of pub car park
- >it looks just like my friends brothers car who we had seen earlier that night (that friend is driving btw)
- >My friend flashes his full beams at what he thinks is his brother
- >Greay car stops in middle of road
- >Suddenly accelerates away
- >"lol he's scared lets follow him"
- >Friend drives after him
- >other friend in back seat says "lol lets keep flashing him"
- >My friend whos driving keeps flashing the greay car
- >Car turns left (into the main road at the the top of the road I live on)
- >as we turn left we see the grey car has pulled to the side of the road
- >drive past it

>we try to turn right
>Can't do it, grey car is closing in fast, if we brake he'll surely hit us
>keep driving down main road
>grey car getting closer
>suddenly he rams us
>then backs off
>then rams us again
>he rammed us 7 times in total
>out car cut out by some miracle it restarted
>we drive past the top of my road in the process of all this
>approaching traffic lights, they are red
>WHAT DO WE DO
>he rams us once more, then reverses into a side turning then drives off in other direction
>I see front of his car in wing mirror, illuminated by street light
>his car is totally undamaged
>drive to deserted area, bump friends car (no insurance you see, dump and report stolen)
>get taxi home
>next day
>walk to shop at top of road
>see bumper and broken brake lights glass from friends car in the main road

[101]

>be around 20
>driving alone through the woods
>there is a car in front of me
>we are the only two cars in the road
>car suddenly stops
>almost crash
>get out of the car go to the car in front to scream at the guy for stopping without a reason.
>go up to him

>the guy is dead
>nope back to my car
>call the cops
>back my car off a little incase there is a murderer in the guys car
>police comes also ambulances
>ask me to step out of the car check my car and the dead man's car
>be scared, they start asking me what happened
>other cops come, I hear them whispering to each other
>one says: the man had a huge bite mark on his neck
>wut
>the cops tell me to go home
>tell them I won't drive home alone
>a drive home with cop's car behind me

[102]

My mom was driving home from a night shift at her work with another girl, who was a colleague & a close friend (Can't remember where she worked, it was before I was born).

They were driving up a dark road, not unlike OP's picture, but a slightly narrower road with more hedges on each side & tree coverage. It was after 2am when they passed, what looked to be an outline of a human corpse on the side of the road in the ditch.

Both my Mom & the other girl had saw it, & by this stage they were freaking out & didn't know what to do. They were debating on whether or not to stop at the road edge & check it out, but fear got the both of them & they sped on home.

My Mom dropped her work friend off, who then went in to tell her boyfriend what they had witnessed on the road. Her boyfriend agreed to check it out because it wasn't far from the house. My Mom then called her boyfriend (Now her husband & my dad)

who drove to the house, so the two men could go and check it out.

Anyway, around 1 hour after first seeing the body, my dad & the other fella went to check it out with their torches in the pitch blackness. When they got there, they found the body at the side of the road.

It turned out, it was a mechanics jump suit, stuffed full of straw with a stocking head put inside to look like a limp body. There must have been more than one person who noticed it, because there was an article in the local paper that week about an elaborate fake corpse prank.

My Mom told me this story on Hallow'een when we were sharing ghost stories with friends. I thought she was joking about it, but I asked my Dad about it at a later date & he recalled it pretty much the same way. It gave me chills back then, but my writing style probably doesn't do it justice.

[103]

- >Driving home late one summer night.
- >Cornfields line the road the entire way.
- >Halfway home, I realize that something is in the cornfield to my right.
- >I can see the corn rippling in a V-shaped pattern.
- >Whatever it is, it's paralleling my vehicle as it races through the corn.
- >I'm driving ca. 60 miles an hour.
- >I get to an intersection and wait for whatever it is to burst out of the corn.
- >Nothing appears.

[104]

>be 10
>family driving home from movies
>1:30ish
>turning onto our street
>man steps out and tries to open the passenger door
>scared
>all door now locked
>Mom "What the...?"
>family gets paranoid
>drive around the for a while
>get home
>had nightmare of getting kidnapped and murdered

[105]

>Be 10
>Driving to Aunt's house
>She guy with a white sheet over himself
>Car breaks down like 50 ft in front of him
>Mom says lock the doors
>Lock the doors
>Guy tries to open the doors
>I see he has a firearm
>thisishowIdie.jpg
>car starts up, and gets out of there

The next we hear on the news that a guy in a white sheet was found murdering a little girl and her mother.

[106]

>Be last night
>Be driving home after seeing concert
>No other cars on road
>No streetlights; pitch black except my headlights
>All of a sudden, bluish fog out of nowhere
>Figure its another car so dim my lights
>Approach fog; engine light comes on and radio dies
>Windows start rolling down
>Remember I have manual windows
>NOPE.avi.exe.pdf

[107]

>A few weeks ago, driving down rural Pennsylvania road
>There's a horse on the edge of the road behind a fence
>as I get closer, I realize that this creature has no eyes. Just
gaping, black pits.
>Nearly had a heart attack...somehow managed to maintain
control of the car.

[108]

>be 2 years ago
>riding in the back of a car through the Norfolk countryside
>see something human-sized moving really fast along the edge of
a field. it is completely black and hovering above the ground. it
looked sort of like a motor cyclist but it was hovering and skirting
the hedgerow.
>convinced I saw a witch

hopefully it didn't see me.

[109]

>be driving on the blue ridge parkway

>near Moses Cannon

Or something like that, I had been driving for a few more hours than I should have and couldn't really see the sign all that well

>almost sunset

>look off towards the moutains below me

>swear to whatever gods are out there I saw a giant

>it was a little shorter than the trees

>feel like im staring for 5 minutes

>look down to get the camera because holy giant

>look back up and it is gone

[110]

>be about 10

>coming home from my grandma's farm with my dad and little brother

>pull out of driveway onto country road

>go about 20 feet maybe when my dad see's something in the ditch

>pulls over the car to get out and have a look

>after maybe 10 seconds comes back and he tells us to stay in the car

>head back to house to get my uncle

>hear horrible mewling gurgle sound from ditch

>look out my window

>horrible mangled creature with 2 limbs, its intestines are spilled out.

>they both return with rifles

>3 shots

>dad gets back in the car, drives off. uncle still standing in ditch
>ask what happened
>he'll tell me when I'm older

eventually found out it was a calf that had been attacked by wolves or something but it messed me up at the time. also helped that I had a ufo book under my arm reading about the hockinville goblins when this happened.

same guy, same farm

>bring our dog out one weekend
>pitch dark, havent seen our dog or my grandma's dogs for hours now
>grandma says they're probably off in the field chasing coyote's
>decide to go look for them with my brother
>find the dogs about a half mile from the house circling a grain silo and barking at it
>as we approach we hear that something is banging around inside.
>I mean sounds like its throwing itself at the walls trying to get out.
>nope out of there, run straight back to the house.
>dogs show up 10 minutes later. one is limping, all of them have blood on their faces.
>grandma says they probably just got into a scrap.

-

-

>go back to the silo in the morning.
>door is wide open, silo is empty.

[111]

>hanging out at friend's place who lives in the middle of nowhere
>head home because I have to work in the morning
>Driving on the road in the middle of nowhere my tire bursts

>Have no spare tire
>Begin my 1.5-2 hour walk back to my friend's house (this was before cell phones)
>See headlights. Car stops, man gets out, I explain what happened to him.
>He tells me it's dangerous out here, and he happens to have a spare tire that would fit my car
>Helps me change tire and put spare on
>Doesn't want to get paid, but I insist
>Look in car for checkbook, come back out and he's gone, can't see headlights in either direction
>Realize that he said my name a couple times without me having actually introduced myself

[112]

> be around 15 hanging out with friends
> getting a ride home from the oldest guy
> stops cuz he said he saw something in the middle of the road
> we all get out and see a eyeball laying there
> ask him how he saw such a small thing
> he said " it wasn't just an eye when I first saw it"

true story... I still get chills down my back when I think about it.

[113]

> be about 6
> biggest winter snowstorm in the last 20 years supposedly
> driving home from xmas celebrations with extended family
> fell asleep in the backseat cocooned in blankets
> wake up and it's pitch black out
> on some heavily wooded road dirt road, mom and brother are

asleep, dads driving

- > look out my window and swear I see something big running alongside us in the woods
- > being canadian, figure it's a moose or wolf
- > spedometer says we're going 80km, it's keeping up too
- > tell dad to slow down because I think it's going to jump in front of us (and this was huge even from a distance)
- > dad jumps a bit and turns around looking at me horrified
- > says it's been following us for the last hour and he can't shake it
- > terrified until we finally get onto a highway and it disappears

[114]

- >be 3 months back
- >be at a party way out of town with friends
- >house has a long steep driveway which connects to the road on a blind corner
- >be ready to leave
- >no cell reception
- >friend rings his sister on home phone to pick us up
- >way at bottom of driveway
- >after 30 minutes friends go back to house to ring the sister again
- >being the least drunk I wait on the road incase she turns up
- >after 5 minutes see light coming round the corner
- >think its our ride
- >rippling wave of light comes around the corner rushes past and up the road
- >huge gust of wind follows it and almost knocks me over
- >ringing in my ears
- >friends and ride both turn up
- >ask her if she past anything on the way out
- >she said road was empty

still have no idea what it was

[115]

I actually had one earlier, maybe 4-5 hours ago.

So living in the middle of nowhere Canada, by 6 it's pitch black, and by 7 it's snowing and you basically can't see anything, whether from your window at home or in a car. So needless to say driving home from my friends farm at night was a bad idea. But I did, vowing to take it slowly.

Then after about 30 minutes of driving on the foggy/snowy roads completely alone, then I see this huge black thing flying at me. I braked and slid a few feet, then looked up to see nothing there. I was bloody terrified, thinking it might have been a moose I almost hit(which is common here). I kept driving soon after, and right before the turnoff back into the city it happened again. This time however I just kept going. It was like I just passed through it, like glitching through a wall in a video game.

Then as I drove into the city the snow just stopped within minutes. When I got home I called my friend out in the country to see if the blizzard had died down. Then he told me it didn't snow anywhere. It was a clear night(and it still is).

I'm scared. This is some silent hill stuff.

[116]

>driving on bridge towards an island at 3am
>see a smaller island a ways away from the road
>get a viewpoint where I can see through the trees on said island

>theres a blimp
>realize how much could go on on that island that no one would ever know about
>get thoroughly creeped out

[117]

>driving home in 2008
>10 PMish
>spaced out
>suddenly notice 6 orange lights in the sky ahead of me
>they blink on and off
>they go away
>nope home
>apparently like half the town saw it

[118]

Me and a mate were driving down the road a while ago, in the middle of the suburbs around 1 AM, come over a small hill and look to the next hill, and this pitch black shadow moved across the road about 200m ahead of us. Under street lamps. It was oblong shaped around 3-4 metres long. We both freaked out, and U-Turned outa there.

[119]

Ok so here is a story my grand father told me (I will tell it from his point of view)

> be in his late 20s ,driving home from his friends
> be in a good mood decided to drive some more and take the long road home that curbs around the town
> it gets darker
> stops for a smoke and to watch the beautifull sunset(its what he said)
>notices an old fence near the road
>comes to take a closer look
>its an old abandoned cemetary
> finishes smoke gets in the car
>sudenly starts hearing laughter all around him
>gets out of the car , he is still all alone on the road
>shrugs it off (cause he's a badass)
>starts the car again
> hears "hey don't leave us " said in a mocking tone from the back seat
> gets scared and drives away from that place

A side note, some time later he found out that the part of the old cemetary where he stoped was used to bury suicide victims or something like that.

[120]

>~2 years ago, driving with 2 friends on mid-missouri backroads, maybe 20 minutes from the nearest town, which itself wasn't very big.
>looking for a suitable place to pull off and smoke bowls (hadn't smoked yet)
>Go down a big hill that leads into a curve to the right that then leads steeply uphill
>Unbeknownst to me at the time, person in the passenger seat sees a big shadow standing in the middle of the road at the top of the hill, like 6-8 feet (~2-3 m) tall. She is the only one who saw

this.

- > Round the corner and start to go up the hill
- > See a large, grey, canine hind leg stepping off of the road.
- > All three of us saw this and agree on details
- > Leg was roughly the length of a fully-extended human leg
- > No tail or other associated dog parts seen

I either saw an unusual, large, wolf (and seeing any wild canid larger than a coyote is very rare here), or some sort of anthropomorphic were-creature.

One more off the top of my head, but this one is more explainable:

- > ~1.5 years ago
- > Finally on the way home from a concert ~2 hours away after getting lost in the city where the concert was held and missing an exit and ending up ~60 miles off course
- > Ate ~4 grams of mushrooms ~5 hours prior, still kind of tripping but mostly lucid, could pass for sober
- > Driving down empty country highway towards home in the middle of the night
- > on a long straightaway, myself and my only passenger see a figure in the opposite lane a bit down the road.
- > Get closer, appears to be someone riding a horse
- > Get Closer still
- > Rider is wearing a colorful poncho, like orange, white and green, with some sort of large hat like I've never seen before, sort of shaped like a bowl or boomerang
- > the horse seems to have a compressed body (like, length and diameter) and super long legs
- > Passenger sees the exact same thing

Granted, I was tired and had been really high earlier, which could explain the horse looking weird, but I have no idea why someone would be riding a horse down the highway in fancy, ceremonial-looking dress at 3 am.

[121]

this actually happened tonight.

>finish work
>driving 3 hours to hometown
>it's about 10:30pm
>see someone walking along the road
>they notice my car and wave me down
>against better judgement I pull over and wind window down
>"you're a life saver"
>realise this reeks of cheesy horror as its a late-teen girl wearing all white
>try and shake this feeling
>I unlock the car and tell her to hop in
>not even sure why I'm doing this
>she tells me how she's been trying to get home all night
>she's cute but something feels weird
>I ask how far away she lives
>she tells me "oh about 3k down the road, it's the motel on the left"
>I start to feel uneasy
>she's talking about crazy stuff
>reach the motel
>I look down at my phone
>suddenly phone call from "blocked"
>go to answer
>realise the girl is no longer there

Needless to say, I pissed off quick-smart.

[122]

>Coming back from a con with my girlfriend, exhausted

>It's very late at night
>Using a 3 year old GPS named Samantha to navigate
>I'm not from the area, and my girlfriend knew the area better than I did.
>Sam tells us to exit the highway, but my girlfriend tells me not to because it's easier if we don't.
>Again, Sam tells us to exit the highway, but my girlfriend tells me not to listen to Sam.
>A bit later, after about 50 "ROUTE RECALCULATION"s we get off the highway, and Sam is taking us down some creepy desolate streets.
>We shrug it off, thinking it's nothing serious.
>Then she takes us way way wAY out of our way to take us to a church, and turn around.
>I listen to her, and turn around at this creepy church, starting to get really scared
>She takes us the shadiest way home, even telling me to drive down some streets that don't exist.
>Get home safely, but still really freaked out about it.

Sequel time!

>About 2-3 weeks ago
>10ish at night, so it's pitch dark outside
>Coming back from Maine to New Hampshire
>Just watches Paranormal Activity 4 in the movies (We saw it because nothing else was playing, and it'd be funny)
>Using Sam the GPS to guide us home again.
>She took us down some shady wooded areas, but I half-expected it being in Maine
>I kept missing turns here and there.
>ROUTE RECALCULATION
>Sam started taking us down /shadier/ roads.
>We're about to enter a small highway, and Sam tells us to go straight
>What's ahead of us? /A dirt road leading into the forest./
>I start to panic, as my girlfriend tries to rationalize the whole thing.
>I go right

>ROUTE RECALCULATION

>Sam takes us out of our way to a church and has us turn around.

>Samantha is full on furious at us.

>She tells me to go down a dead-end, but there's a metal gate blocking our way.

>At this point, both me and my girlfriend are freaking out. I'm freaked out because she /never/ gets freaked out.

>I turn around

>ROUTE RECALCULATION

>Sam tells us now to go onto some road, which was really someone's driveway.

>She tells us to drive THROUGH their house and into a lake.

>Obviously I didn't drive us to the man's house.

>I drive to a main-road, and my girlfriend helps me figure how to get us home safely.

I'm now terrified of my GPS, and am convinced she tries to kill me and my girlfriend. She gets mad when I miss a turn, and has me turn around at a church if I get her mad enough.

I'm just curious, has anyone else's GPS done any of these things?

[123]

>friend is back in town from school

>we go on a bro car ride through parkways around town at night (we live in ottawa so there's a lot of beautiful gov't protected land and roads)

>talking and catching up to music

>turn off music and joke about how creepy it made the car ride

>"dude what if we saw something on the side of the road like an alien, I would freak out man"

>5 minutes later - we see something with the proportions of a toddler run into the bushes down the road

>scream like little girls

1# scariest moment in my life. That thing was naked, bipedal and 3 feet tall and ran like an olympian. Again it was the middle of the night and on a parkway far from any homes so it was not a child. OP's image is a good example of what we could see, and the creature was about 30 meters out.

[124]

>Walking with a mate around small country town in Queensland, Australia
> Town built around hill named after town's founder
> Walking up hill road
> Hear crunching noise
> Look up to see gigantic wolf-ape (canid face, but ape body)
> Knuckles its way along skyline and into trees on left side of road, silhouetted against full bright moon.

Never again. Went right home. But then...

> Dad works as park ranger in local area
> Having problems with local wild dogs
> Has received sightings of very large canids in area acting strangely.

Hnng.

[125]

>driving home from store
>have to u-turn
>take a second even though its clear
>see headlights in rearview speeding like DeLorean
>piss pants and take off in sharp turn

>stop in middle of road and look for car
>no one there
>hands shaking

[126]

Once while driving cross-country, I stopped at a rest stop in New Mexico. New Mexico sucks, the entire area of the interstate is all prisons and such, so there are signs everywhere not to pick up hitch hikers- and at the rest stops there's an awful lot of native americans and mexicans selling trinkets and things.

I stopped to piss and stretch, had just gotten back to my car and a pair of young (maybe 11-13 yr old) girls approached me, and asked me for a ride. I was in my car, with the window cracked, and they stood outside the window tapping on it.

I would not give a ride to anyone in NM anyway, but something about them made me feel some sympathy, and the older girl said "Just open the door then and help us"

I was about to open the door when I finally made eye contact with her, and looked at the other girl's face as well- their eyes were completely black, no whites or iris.

I peeled out, backed up the car fast and drove away even faster.

Scared the crap out of me.

[`127]

One time I was driving out in the middle of nowhere in North Carolina. I was on a road trip with my parents, and we were

following my Aunt and uncle who were in another car ahead of us.

First let me explain the surroundings;

It was close to 9pm, but not yet completely dark. The sky still just very dimly illuminated, just enough to be able to see outside, but it was right on the edge of darkness.

The road snaked though a very heavily wooded area with a few houses, all of which were miles apart. It was one of those places where they don't see outsiders often, and when we stopped for gas at an old, run-down station we could see 3 or 4 people inside just standing at the windows staring at us until we left. This was not the creepy part, just it is simply there to illustrate what kind of place this was, and how far out it was from anything.

Okay, so as we were driving out there my aunt and uncle suddenly slow down, so we do too. Some old man is emerging from the trees. He is a big man, with a long, white beard, and he looked absolutely furious. He was waving his fists menacingly, and screaming. Don't mistake this for a cry for help though. I couldn't make out what he was saying, but he sounded as angry as anybody can sound.

He ran up to my Aunt and uncle's car, and slammed his fist on their hood, they then sped up, as he came toward our car. I was terrified. We too sped up, probably passing him by 2 feet.

My mom, a few minutes later starts to be retarded and says "What do you think that guy wanted? Maybe we should go back, he probably needed help."NOPENOPENOPE

That guy obviously didn't want our help, he seemed like he wanted to murder us. Thank God we didn't go back.

[128]

>22 years old

>Driving home from the small town I lived near.

>See man in his late 70s or early 80s

>He was sitting on the guard rail
>Dressed like Colonel Sanders and leaning on a cane.
>In the middle of nowhere.

Should also add that it was 1:30 AM.

[129]

Was driving to my uncle's house which is about 3 hours away. I live in podunk and he lives in ultra podunk. I was crusin' down some backwoods gravel road when I see an odd house in the distance. As I got closer I realised what was odd about it. It was completely gutted. I mean no windows, interior walls, doors, nothing. Except for furniture. I slowed down to get a look.

I came to a stop at the end of the driveway and was thinking to myself "Why is there furniture inside this totally gutted house?"

I just kept staring. I have no idea how long I was staring because I kind of zoned out thinking about it. It could have been 30 seconds or 10 minutes, I honestly have no idea.

I decided I was going to go take a look inside just because. Right after I opened the car door a wave of fear just hit me. I started shaking and panicking. No idea why.

I shut the car door and hauled it down the road. I did not even look in the rear view mirror until I was certain the house was out of sight.

I was so freaked out about it that I took a 45 minute detour on the way back just to avoid seeing the house again.

I have seen bodies blown to pieces and all kinds of crazy stuff from being in the military and more recently the medical field. I have never been that scared before or since. It was just a house. I

guess I just had a moment.

[130]

My uncle is one of those guys always driving around the country, this is a story he told me once I'll never forget.

>he was driving through mountains
>heard there was weird stuff happening there
>nothing specific
>hes driving through and its deadly silent
>he sees an overturned car and some bodies
>he gets a really bad vibe
>doesnt even consider stopping to help
>drives by
>looks in rearview mirror
>people lying on ground get up, people come out of bushes and stare at his truck
>he floors the accelerator and gets out of there

He tells me he doesn't want to consider what would have happened had he stopped to help.

[131]

>Be many years ago
>Used to live in a very secluded place
>Cabin in the woods type thing and closest town is about 30 minutes away
>Driving home late one night
>Road I usually take is washed out due to recent storms
>Start taking another road I've never taken and hope it takes me somewhat of the right way

>Driving along for about 5 minutes
>Suddenly hit huge bump
>Stop and back truck up
>Grab my axe from the back seat and go to get out
>Open door just in time to see a very mangled and injured person get up in front of the car
>Quickly get back in and lock doors
>Person looks deranged and starts screaming
>Back up and go to turn around
>Hear hysterical screaming from farther away
>As I'm turning around I see another person running towards the car
>Farther behind them is what looks like a hoard of people chasing them
>Screw it.png
>Go into four wheel drive and drive straight through the field
>Drive until I get to the main road
>Don't stop and just keep driving
>End up in town
>Stay in crappy little motel for the night
>Go home the next day
>Never take that road again

[132]

>be on my way home from midnight food run.
>enter neighborhood entrance.
>pass by large "make shift" Santa Clause; eyes closed, facing a house.
>think nothing of it, continue to drive by.
>look in rear view mirror.
>Santa's eyes wide open looking at my vehicle.
>NOPE.avi

[133]

>get off night shift work
>sleepy w/headache
>AC is broken in car, windows down
>radio off because headache
>take winding path through woods to get home
>7 mile road, maybe 4-5 houses on it
>driving slow because low fuel
>come around a corner and there's a long straight through a field
>no trees on either side
>hear the loudest blood curdling scream I've ever heard right next to the car
>NOPE
>slam accelerator to the floor
>all 455 cubic inches in the old buick open up
>drive home like a mad man
>barely make it to fuel station next day
>tell story to coworkers, we laugh about it
>never take that road again at night

[134]

>driving through the backwoods
>dropping a friend off, he lives out in the boonies
>get to a long, straight stretch of road
>turn on my brights because I just pass a car
>some distance off, theres a weird reflection on the road
>it was the color of skin
>slow down, think its a person on the road
>can make out no definitive shape, looks bigger then a person
>realize that its weird the whole thing is skin colored, a person wouldnt be naked out here
>thing leaps off the road, over a fence into the trees

>friend saw the same thing
>speed on the way back through

[135]

>be late autumn, no snow yet though I live in sweden
>I drew up a forest road to the top of a mountain
>me and my brother are going to watch northern lights
>turn car off and wait inside car for the show to begin
>thought I heard steps outside the car when my bro said: "did you hear something, like footsteps?
>we opened the doors and looked outside
>no sounds else than from a cold but soft wind
>we close the doors and continue waiting
>suddenly something knocked on the back window and we both we're like: "let's get away from here"
>so I started the car and drew like 20 meters, made a 2 point turn and drew away from there in slight panic.

mfw noone was standing behind the car or after the road behind us

[136]

>A few months ago
>Driving back to my place with my girlfriend at night
>Driving on a road that has dense scrub on one side
>All of a sudden something big and bi-pedal steps out of the scrub
>Looks at us
>It's eyes catch my headlights and reflect the light (like cat's eyes)
>It steps back into the scrub

>Say to my girlfriend "Did you.."
>Before I finish she says "Yep"
>Slam on the accelerator and get out of there

Friggin' Australia.

[137]

> Be driving back through the Loom fields (UK) on way home around 11pm
> Lights catch a glint in the distance on roadside trench through bushes
> About two seconds further I realize it's a person's eyes
> Begin to slow down, a bit uncertainly
> They disappear, in response I turn on headlights
> There are now three sets of eyes staring back at me along the bushes
> Feel very uncomfortable for some reason, and turn off in-car overhead lights (felt exposed)
> My speed is around 10mph as I get nearer, I begin to speed up as the first person comes out in the open signalling for me
> As soon as I pass them, I freak out when my back window cracks and falls into the back seats
> Speed up to around 70mph until I clear the road
> A brick had smashed my rear right side window
> Go directly home, lock doors and close curtains, panicked
> Call police, tell them everything
> Say this potentially sheds some light onto a previous occurrence, where a young man's car was found still running in the early morning but the driver had been missing for four days
> Have never traveled along that road since

Nope.

[138]

>be 19
>be at party
>party ends at about 4 am
>drive home on motorcycle
>be driving along a two-lane road
>see a man ahead
>get a really bad feeling about this man
>swerve off to the left farther than I normally would have
>as I pass, see him swing a huge knife, right where my face
would have been, had I not turned.
>NOPE.avi ALL THE WAY HOME.

[139]

>I was working at a Bennigan's restaurant in New Orleans as a bartender.
>One Saturday night, after closing, I'm driving home around 3a.m.
>Dark, secluded 2-lane road.
>No other cars in sight.
>Suddenly, I see something in the road ahead.
>I swerve (deserted road, of course I was speeding) to avoid it.
>I come screeching to a halt about 100m past it.
>Looking in the rear view mirror and recalling what I saw; my mind is trying to comprehend.
>It's a black plastic body bag. It looks full.
>I had just retired from the military 3mon. earlier. I've seen this exact same body bag many times before.
>I'm deeply intrigued, but my sixth sense is telling me to get outta here.
>I grab my shotgun from the backseat because my combat sense is telling me this situation isn't right, but I can't quell my curiosity.

>I get out and slowly start walking towards the body bag.
>Once I'm about halfway to it, I see movement in the swamp on both sides of it.
>Six mangy wild dogs come out, 3 from each side of road, in single file, and line up in a perfect line across the road.
>They turn towards me and then in unison sit down.
>They just sit there, staring at me.
>Every single nerve in my body starts screaming to get out of here, so I slowly start backing up. I know that if they rushed me I'd be screwed. My shotgun is pump action, and I couldn't kill all six before they jumped on me.
>I make my way back to my car and get in. As I'm driving away, I see in the rear view that they dogs haven't moved an inch.
>Get home, promptly get drunk (it is Saturday night after all, and at this point of my life nightly blackouts were standard procedure) and forget what happened.

[140]

>about 3 am
>driving home from friends house
>on dark road with woods on both sides
>high beams spot figure down road
>realize its standing up-right, like a man
>notice it turn to look at me as I advance toward it
>get closer
>"Me no chicken", screw it. I slow down
>creep up on figure
>appears to be a human
>about 50 yards from it, it turns and looks at me approaching it
>doesn't deviate from its course
>about 30 yards from it
>it stops and turns completely around, facing me
>me getting freaked out at this point
>can't help it
>continue slowly toward it

>as I pass, figure looks at me and screeches, eyes bulging out of sockets
>me passing slowing looking in disbelief
>it runs at my car as I pass
>"HOLY FREAKING CRAP!!!"
>it smashes passenger window, letting out ear blistering screech. (I say screech because that's the BEST description for the noise it made)
>realize its not human
>I speed away
>it follows "running" at me as I try to get away
>hear loud, deep growl of satan rise in tone
>gas pedal FLOORED
>I flee
>NOPE.tif

[141]

>last year
>me and my friend often drive through this arboretum
>the road dead ends in a circular drive so we just drive in and drive out
>its a residential area for rich folks but it's heavily wooded around the road and creepy at night
>driving through it casually one night
>joking about chupicabras and other cryptids, windows open not caring
>get to an area that has no houses, woods for miles on both sides
>hear some odd noises, I roll up my window and lock the door
>friend laughing at me for being paranoid
>we get to a more open area, golf course on one side but still woods on the other (my side of course)
>see some sort of creep animal a little ways off
>hunched over, and then I see reflective eyes
>that ain't no deer

>nope.
>tell my friend to hurry up and get us out of there
>when we double back it's not there anymore
>what the hell did I see

[142]

>Be a preteen
>On vacation with mom and younger brothers
>We go out to meet a friend for dinner
>get lost on the way home
>Starts getting dark and we are on a parkway in the middle of nowhere
>Brothers crying
>Everyone's sad
>feelsbadman.jpeg
>We decide to pull off the road and try to get our piece of crap GPS to work
>Me working on it when suddenly we hear a voice
>Voice says to turn around and go back the way we came
>Mom asks if I got the GPS to work cuz she heard it talk
>GPS doesnt talk
>daheckman.gif
>We look outside and see a dark figure standing there with glowing eyes
NOOPENOPENOPENOPENOPENOPEN
>Mom floors it
>Get back to our hotel
>Still don't know if it was trying to help us or tell us to piss off

[143]

>be 18 years old

>bought a cheap car from a state auction
> kind of old but worked just fine
> always felt weird when driving it , like some one was following or like I was going to crash
> one night while listening to the radio it suddenly when static
> turn off the radio , I thought it was a mechanical problem
> hear a voice from an old lady from the back of my car whispering something like "tin cuiiddado"
> freaked out and stopped the car
>ended up getting a ride from a friend
> NOPE.png

Sold that to one chick that I didn't like few days later for almost nothing, I don't know if this is a coincidence or not but a few days after selling the car I found that that the girl that bought the car had been in a horrible accident . I mean, she was drunk when it happened cause she does not remember anything of that accident.

[144]

> Be driving back through the Loom fields (UK) on way home around 11pm
> Lights catch a glint in the distance on roadside trench through bushes
> About two seconds further I realize it's a person's eyes
> Begin to slow down, a bit uncertainly
> They disappear, in response I turn on headlights
> There are now three sets of eyes staring back at me along the bushes
> Feel very uncomfortable, and turn off in-car overhead lights (felt exposed)
> My speed is around 10mph as I get nearer, I begin to speed up as the first person comes out in the open signalling for me
> As soon as I pass them, I freak out when my back window cracks and falls into the back seats

- > Speed up to around 70mph until I clear the road
- > A brick had smashed my rear right side window
- > Go directly home, lock doors and close curtains, panicked
- > Call police, tell them everything
- > Say this potentially sheds some light onto a previous occurrence, where a young man's car was found still running in the early morning but the driver had been missing for four days
 - > Have never traveled along that road since

[145]

- >be driving with friends last night in car along mountain road
- >foggy, no one around for miles
- >random small parking lot next to a lake
- >one lone car parked
- >see asian man outside of car kneeling down around what seemed like a pentagram
 - >Pentagram made of what looked either like salt, sugar, or coke
 - >NOPE out
 - >few minutes later
 - >back to more civilization
 - >suburb/rural, lot of houses but weird part is there are no lamps in the street to illuminate it, which is 100% expected where I live
 - >parked van
 - >lone man in drivers seat just sitting there, no phone light or anything so just sitting there
 - >right next to van shows picture of crazed looking skull and says the words "Satan"
 - >lolwut
 - >random railroad tracks in suburb
 - >been here before, they don't lead anywhere according to google maps
 - >look down tracks
 - >shadowy figure running towards us

>gun it, street still wet from earlier rain so slow
>realize was probably part of imagination
>whatever

[146]

>Be driving to my sister's house
>Live onto of an old Indian burial ground
> seriously.gif
>Street illuminated by street light
>See humanoid shadow walk into her front yard>
>Freak out
>Speed int her yard
>Nobody there
>Nephew says he's seen the figure several times
> Well, there's that

[147]

>be two years ago
>be like 11 at night, pitch black, no moon
>I am driving my three friends to one of their house
>lives out of town, never took him home, in an area that I have never been before, I'll probably get lost, but do anyways
>starts telling stories about how messed up the area is: Local myth about goatman nearby, rabid dogs just stare at you as you drive by with blood dripping from their teeth, an abandoned house that has one light on all of the time, ghosts haunting that road, smelling smoke and hearing whispers (I guess from a house fire many years ago) etc.
>drop them off, turn around to go home, spooked, so turn off radio, go slow, and try to chill
>start hearing noises in the car with me, think I see things in the

brush

>get lost because area is weird

>I swear there is whispering in the way back of my car (driving an SUV)

>nope.tiff outa there, just to a main road

>all of the sudden, I am just in familiar area again, after my phone was not working trying to call the friend to ask him where I was and how to get out

[148]

>be 20

>be driving home from friends house at like 4 am

>see something on the side of the rode

>wtfisthat.jpg

>getting closer

>heart racing because I don't know what it is

>looks like some rabbit walking on two broken legs

>about to have heart attack

>keep slowly pulling forward because I'm in a car and I figure I can just run it over

>find out its just a deer

I felt pretty stupid but if you had seen what I was seeing...

[149]

>be 3 years ago

>be 16

>with gf going back to my house to watch movies

>midnight

>see whitish figure in the road

>drive past going retardedly fast, as I was showing off to gf

>we wtf and I slow down right as I go by
>figure is a ghost, that's all I can explain it as. looked like a woman
>hit brakes so I have light behind after I pass
>not there after I pass
>do 90 all the way home
>turn on all the lights at home
>still get goosebumps thinking about it

[150]

>getting a ride home with my friend
>friend is a pretty reckless driver and it's late at night so he's going pretty fast
>pull into middle school parking lot because it's a shortcut to avoid a rotary
>friend suddenly slows down and stares out my window at playground
>swingset is lit up by headlights, there's something on the ground
>it's a bouquet of white flowers
>friend is staring at the flowers, car has almost slowed to a stop
>punch him in the arm "dude, what's up"
>"nothing", starts to accelerate again
>driving out towards the road, past the school
>suddenly SLAMS on the brakes
>there's another bouquet of flowers in the middle of the road
>a few seconds pass and then he just tears out of there
>I'm spooked, he's real pale and visibly unsettled
>get home, much colder out than when we got in the car
>hustle inside without saying thanks or anything

And we never spoke of it again.

[151]

>Be driving to friends house/farm in the middle of the woods on a rural road
>Getting pretty close, can't remember exactly where it is
>Coming to a sharp turn in the road
>Straight ahead of me is a field
>Terrifying monster in the field
>Awful rabbit thing with blood around its mouth
>It's about 5ft tall and is just staring stupidly at me
>Get that feeling like my car is a tank that will protect me from any danger
>Drive right up to it
>Oh.
>It's a llama.
>Eating some grass, chill, just staring at me
>MFW I've arrived at my friend's llama farm.

[152]

>be friend who's 17
>just passed test and wants to buy cheapest car he can
>finds an actually decent cheap car that's fairly new
>drives it one night
>looks in rear view
>little girl looking straight back at him from the back seat
>nopes out but can't stop driving because of where he is and the time
>finds out car was crash damage which accounted for it being so cheap for being so new
>girl dies in said crash
>he refuses to sell car says she's his guardian
>9 years later
>has money now and a totally different car
>still has first car on the drive and still refuses to sell it

[153]

Nobody believes this story when we tell it, but here you go.

- > be 2 years ago
- > me and group of friends get drunk and decide to go check out a haunted house in the area
- > break into the house and start calling out spirits
- > everyone splits up and starts messing with stuff
- > start hearing things so we get out
- > doors start slamming and all that craziness
- > get out to the street and get in the car
- > see a duffle bag in the middle of the road
- > get out to see what it is
- > it's a body of a little girl
- > oh god, hear sirens
- > hop in the car and floor it
- > on the way home we saw about 5 dead dogs along the way
- > never again

Whenever everyone who was there that night get together, weird things start happening.

[154]

- >9 or 10 years old
- >riding back from grown-up party with sister, dad (call him Rick), and dad's gf
- >Northern California, driving through redwood grove at about 11 PM, moon is out, but still dark
- >dad says he's tired, decides to pull over for a few minutes after we get out of redwood grove, pulls over on shoulder next to meadow

>no livestock in field and approximately ten miles from any habitation
>not scurred, looking out window at barbed wire fence separating us from the meadow, and the dark, swaying trees about 300 yards away at the clearings far end
>watch as wind stops, and watch as one nondescript tree continues to sway
>still not scared, but intrigued
>look closer, realize the "tree" is getting taller
>start flipping out as I realize it's not a tree, but some hulking thing plodding towards our car at a slow, methodical pace, knowing full well how far we are from town (no hobos/people) and that the meadow is not in use (no cows/horses)
>shape sways back and forth as it looms closer, getting to the other side of the fence, when I guess it to be 7 or so feet tall
>full on panic, but dumbass 10 year old self thinks two thoughts, 1) don't move or speak (even waking up pops) and it won't see me, and 2) that crappy four foot tall fence will somehow contain this goliath
>turn to look at sister, horror in her eyes confirms she's seeing the same thing
>look back in time to see seven feet of darkness become ten feet as it climbs the fence next to our car
>still petrified when dads gf breaks silence
>GF: "Uhhhh, Rick?"
>Dad: "We're leaving now."
>dad tears out of there, leaving whatever it was in the rearview mirror, and driving back home in stone silence

[155]

This one happened when I was still in High School.

>best friend wants me to spend the weekend at his house for some Smash Bros Melee (It had just came out)
>call my parents and tell em I'll be back Sunday

>we go out and go to the mall,movies,etc waste time all day
>starts getting late by the time we're done running around
>stop by McDonald's for some late night snacks
>start heading to his house
>about to get on the highway,we start seeing a long traffic jam
and he's like "Screw this, we'll take the back road."
>it's now midnight
>get to the back road
>no moonlight, fog, no houses, no neighborhoods, no nothing but
woods
>up WAY ahead we notice a fire off in the woods,we look at each
other and decide to stop by and see why there's a fire in the
middle of nowhere
>park off the road,lock the car,and head towards the fire
>keep walking and we start noticing how there's no animals
making any kind of noise near us,only noise we hear is the fire
crackling
>as we get closer we start hearing brush moving up ahead and
we call out "Hey,anyone need help or anything?We noticed the
fire,etc"
>brush stops moving and nobody responds
>we get to the clearing where the fire was at but there's nobody
there at all,no equipment or tools
>we look at each other and yell out again,silence
>suddenly we hear some noise again in the bushes and this odd
shrill noise comes out
>friend grabs some rocks and tosses them in the bushes,hits
something and we hear a yelp which suddenly turns into an
ANGRY AS HELL roar/shrill/scream
>we book it to the car while hearing whateveritwas running after
us
>unlock car,run in,lock doors
>thing chases us but doesn't come out of the brush but keeps
sounding pissed still making that same noise/scream over and
over again
>we keep trying to see wtf was chasing us but all we see are red
glowing eyes around 5-6ft off the ground

Never will forget that scream.

[156]

Everyone I tell this to says it never happened but screw them, I know it happened.

>be December 14, 2009
>I've had my license for 3 years now
>driving down George Washington Parkway at around 1am (South, towards Mount Vernon)
>one friend with me returning home from road trip
>not tired one bit because we slept in a motel until just after noon the day before
>be only car on the road for at least 10 minutes
>all of a sudden we both see a candle light in the distance
>as we get closer, we can tell it is moving toward us but on the river side of the road
>when we get within about 50 yards of it, we can both clearly see that it is a man on a horse with 2 more men behind him
>no way anyone would ride a horse down the trails at that time of day
>both me and my friend are just confused
>we talk about it until I drop him off at his house a few streets away from Mount Vernon
>when I wake up later, I'm really curious so I go to Mount Vernon and ask the gift shop person if anyone was preparing for a reenactment or anything because it wasn't far and that's the only explanation I could think of
>she says they only train for them during the early mornings but not 1am early and they don't use horses at all
>talk to one of the historians there and find out Dec. 14th was the day GW died

Even they don't believe me. Nobody has ever reported seeing apparitions on the parkway.

[157]

>Driving through Arizona on the I-40 going coast to coast with four friends for winter break
>It's mid December, around 2:00 am
>Starting to get a little drowsy
>Suddenly, radio reception gets weird, not staticky, more like it was picking up a bunch of channels at the same time, sounded like 20 people having different conversations
>Suddenly headlights start reflecting off something in the distance
>Looks like two birch trees
>In the middle of the road
>Can't see the top of what it was, everything is pitch black outside of headlight range
>Get closer
>It's a pair of legs, extending into the sky
>They are colourless, completely white.
>Don't know what to do, I'm the only one awake
>Honk the horn
>THEY MOVE
>The legs lift up in a stepping manner, and go off the left side of the road.
>I'm still driving, crying out of fear, radio still freaking out.
>I speed up, driving well over the speed limit for about an hour till I reach a gas station
>Wake everyone up, tell them what happened
>They all laugh it off/Don't believe me
>Get out to fill the car while friends go in for snacks/ bathroom
>Go to open gas cap when I see something on the roof
> Two red footprints
>Refuse to drive at night for the rest of the trip, showing my friends the footprints
>Radio in the car was broken, had to buy a new one.

Screw that. I never drive past 11:00 these days unless it's an

emergency.

[158]

- >Be 3 years ago
- >Going to pick up friend to go to Dollywood with
- >It's already dark so we figured screw it and we'd just stay at my place and leave the next morning
- >We're following this car on a backroad we know very well
- >Upcoming curve shaped like a question mark
- >Beyond question mark curve is about a quarter mile of pure forest with no driveways or turns off the road
- >We're maybe 2-3 car lengths behind the car
- >The car makes the turn and goes out of sight for at max 3 seconds
- >We make the turn and the car is gone

I wish I could explain this better. There were forests on both sides of the road so even if the car managed to speed off the road in the time it took for us to make the turn, it still would've eventually hit a tree or something. Either way it was creepy to me and we both noped the whole way home. I still avoid that road as much as possible.

[159]

- >Be 21
- >Road tripping Australia with two stoner buddies
- >Long hot days of just driving around and getting high
- >Sleep in the car
- >Moving through western Arnhem Land, only a few stops here and there for drinks and gas
- >Wind up driving off a back road into a clearing in the swampy

side of Kakadu

- >Dusk is starting to fade, we plan to sleep in the car
- >The insect hum is overwhelming, weird smell in the area but we ignore it, smoke up, look around
- >Small river trickling under two huge fallen logs
- >As we move closer the smell gets worse and worse
- >Friend yells out, points to lumpen mass a few feet away
- >We all gather around this large black pile at the riverside, clutching our noses
- >It's a dead crocodile, eyeless and severely rotted, with roots growing in and out of it
- >Stomach has been slit open, inside is an overflowing cross section of ribs and dirt and dead matter and what looked like organ-shapes
- >Friend indicates to a strange protuberance at the base of the gut
- >"is that a baby?"
- >go cold all over when he says that
- >Peer in closer
- >Amongst the tangled roots and mud there is a twisted form, with an arm hanging out
- >Looking closely I see a dome emerging from the mess like a skull face-down
- >Everyone's freaked out, so I grab a large stick and from some distance try to flip the thing over
- >Instead piles of rotten things are splashed out, and a lake of maggots comes slithering out all at once with the most vile smell you can imagine
- >Ran back to the car and told each other it was probably nothing

[160]

- >2005
- >Be 15
- >Driving alone in a rural area (No one cares in our town as long

as you can drive properly)

>Going to the grocery store, have to cut through a large, empty field used for agriculture in the summer

>Looking up at the moon, it was full

>Notice a *perfect* circle shaped cloud

>Wait, what

>Pull over very quickly

>Grab binoculars from glovebox

Now, I'm messing with my binoculars trying to focus them before I actually put them in my eyes. They were visibly unfocused, with one lens further out than the other.

>Focus lenses.

>Hold binoculars up to perfect circle cloud

>See flashes of orange for a second

>Now I see the yellow-ish color of the moon

>Put binoculars down

>The circle cloud is gone

I had shivers for the rest of the entire night.

[161]

>Be driving on the way to airport at 3am

>Driving through a country town

>Drive over a brick and find loads of random stuff strangely organised to block the road

>See a runned down sign for a pub, a huge plant and cones

>Move the stuff out of the way

>About two minutes I have to stop because some idiot stops in the middle of the road

>I begin to notice that the car is filled with mannequins

>Drive away and don't see anymore weirdness

/x/ hasn't made me turn into a paranoid. Jeez, has it? That night scared the crap out of me.

[162]

Here's what I got.

>Be about 2 years ago.
>Hanging out with my Marine friend's gf while he was at bootcamp.
>We decide to take a Sunday drive.
>End up at this weird patch of forest known for ghosts and aliens and KKK stuff.
>Get out and walk around.
>Find a cave.
>"Hey anon, wouldn't it be funny if we saw Bigfoot or something?"
>Suddenly we hear this incredibly loud screech coming from far back in the woods.
>nopenopenope back.
>Hear what sounds like loud bangs, like someone is hitting a tree with a block of wood.
>There's no other cars on the road but us.
>Hightail it out of there.

[163]

>Be driving my friend home after party
>See deer on edge of the road so slow down
>Going pretty slow (lik 5mph) and notice this thing isnt moving a muscle
>its neck is all distorted and turned 180 facing backwards and its eyes are closed
>Stop next to it (about 5 feet away) and put down the passanger window so my friend starts flipping out
>drive off laughing

Don't know if it was a fake, but I live an hour from DC so I don't see why it would be there. Seemed pretty real.

[164]

>16
>just got license
>Raised in Catholic family, family always picked up hitchhikers as long as they looked friendly
>driving down busy road, mid day
>strangely not a lot of cars today
>end up getting to the intersection where there is usually a bunch of homeless people chilling
>one knocks on the side of my window asking for a ride to the hospital
>with nice morals, I said yes
>he was asking me a ton of questions about my life
>Get to the hospital and give him 20 dollars wishing him luck and I hoped he got out fine
>goes to the doors of the hospital, and turns back to give me a smile
>the 20 dollars ends up on my car seat the next morning with a note saying "thank you"
>creeped out, but it's cool that that somehow happened.

Moral of the story - homeless people are... unbelievable.

[165]

>About two years ago, during an extremely depressing/stressful time of my life
>Driving to buddy's house to spend the night and watch

movies

- >Already dark outside
- >Look in rearview mirror
- >See naked, pale man huddled in the bed of my truck, just for a second.
- >Doubletake
- >He's gone
- >Over the next 10 minutes I see him a number of times sitting back there
 - >Skin white as snow, no hair anywhere on his body
 - >Freaked out but continues driving towards friends house, which is in a well lit area.
 - >As soon as I'm off country roads, I don't see him back there anymore
 - >Still freaked out, mention it to buddy.
 - >We talk about it, watch netflix, pass out
 - >Next morning he's making pancakes or something in the kitchen
 - >Sitting alone on the couch I look down the hallway into the open door at the end of it
 - >Under the bed in the room is a pale face with two great black holes for eyes and gold flecks for pupils
 - >He's smiling
 - >Like he's so happy to see me

[166]

- >Goin' down the road
- >Can't drive fifty five
- >Cause the speed limit is forty-five
- >Me and buddy start spit ballin' some stuff that used to scare us as kids, mostly it was Chucky and that Halloween episode of Rocko's modern life
- >We come around a bend in the road and there's a long stretch of road in front of us
- >Deer, deer everywhere

>I stop the car, the deer look straight up at us and nobody blinks for like a minute
>I honk the horn because I don't wanna' mess with no deer
>One of the deer takes a step towards the car
>Friend finds a left over bottle rock from 4th of july and fires it at the deer via empty mountain dew bottle
>None of them move as it soars past them and explodes
>Turn the light nob thinking that they'll loose interest if they can't see us.
>Wait a few seconds and turn it back on, the deer are gone and the road is clear

[167]

Never posted any of mine, might as well tonight. Lord knows I've seen some things. Posting with a trip because screw it.

>19 years old
>live in Iowa
>3:00 am
>radio doesn't work because my truck blows
>coming home for winter break
>take exit ramp - it's dark for a clear night
>trees are creepy, all the lights are off in the farmhouses I drive by
>snow flurry begins to happen
>on a lonely stretch catch a glimpse of dark bodies moving in the snow
>slow down, flash my lights thinking its deer
>it is, breathe a sigh of relief (always afraid I'm going to hit someone there, even at night)
>two deer in the road prancing in an S-shaped motion
>very coordinated - they pass by each other with a consistent rythym
>follow them, waiting for them to get out of the way so I can keep going

>after five minutes they don't seem to be interested
>I begin to accelerate a bit to get them to move
>they keep the pace all the way up to about 45mph
>they both run alongside me a moment and veer off into the treelines

>some time later
>on summer break
>friend and I go to eagle city
>old town used to have a post office and everything
>isolated in the "deep country" - no town for miles either way
>abandoned and supposedly the site for satanists and meth addicts
>bring a voice recorder inside a sealed bag
>going to "listen in" on a spot we'd found on an earlier scout
>it's an old recreational park enclosure
>place recorder inside bag and in the rafters
>leave and decide to come back the next day
>return around noon
>signs of a large fire that night
>recorder and bag are missing

>about three months after the above story
>long autumn, leaves still on most trees
>driving home from friend's house at night
>still no radio because I'm cheap
>singing church hymns because this road makes me very nervous
>clutching my rosary like it might actually save me
>generally very uneasy sort of tension, that electric feeling creeping up and down my back
>trying to remain calm and level headed
>round a particular blind corner in my truck
>going slow because the truck bed is light
>there is a man in a ratty plaid shirt standing in the ditch
>hair was cut short, black and stubby
>can't see his face; at a near panic
>look down mournfully at the rosary in my hand and roll down passenger side window

>ask him if he's okay - I knew plenty of people who lived along this road

>doesn't answer or turn to face me

>voice inside me screaming "run you fool"

>drive a little past him, trying to see his face

>he turns so that his back is always to me

>slam my boot onto the accelerator and never look back

[168]

>drove to Tennessee.

>about eight at night

>went to get gas

>managed to get turned around somewhere

>lost and didn't have GPS.

>driving down all these weird side roads trying to find I-75 again.

>rounded a turn and see a car idling with its lights on in the middle of this little 2 lane road

>big forest on either side so close to the road I could hear the branches scraping on my roof a couple times.

>Outside of the car, several things were there.

>pulled up slowly till I was about half a football field away.

>two people, lying face down in the road beside the car, completely still.

>got a little closer and saw it was a kind of fattish lady and a real skinny guy or a tall boy.

>bunch of stuff in the road like bottles and nails.

>thought to myself: two things I can do

>1: Try to help these people and figure out WTF is going on.

>2: drive past them like a beta and call the police.

>felt guilty for not helping but I had a weird feeling about it.

>drove past the car, I had to veer off the road and back onto it to avoid the stuff in the road.

>got back on the road and past them, immediately decided I was a pussy for being freaked out by whatever that was.

>looked in my rearview mirror.

>was about 50 feet past them already.
>saw the 2 people get up and start collecting the stuff in the road
>NOPED so hard.
>Some kind of robbery trap, I suspect

[169]

>Be last night
>Coming home from taking friend home
>Driving somewhat slowly because it's dark and roads are frozen in spots
>Suddenly thump in bed of truck
>Check rearview and see a pair of red eyes
>Slam brakes then gas to try and knock it out
>Jumps out before I start accelerating
>See it one more time before turning down my road
>Get home
>Bring the dog in
>Turn all the lights off and stay huddled in a corner

I haven't seen anything else of it since then. The area was pretty densely populated despite being pretty woody compared to other areas in town, but there were at least 20 houses in a mile or so radius.

[170]

>Be 22 or so, back in New Zealand.
>Driving to work in pouring rain, about 5am.
>Guy running towards me in distance, obviously out on an early morning jog.
>Guy vanishes as I get about 10 yards from him.
>nope.mkv

[171]

>Driving up near a place called winter hill
>Nothing up there, other than country roads, the occasional posh house.
>Driving up there at about 2 in the morning, so it's pitch black, no street lights
>see headlights behind us in the car (me and my two other friends)
>notice it was a van, a bit surprised that another car is driving up here too, mainly because it's in the middle of nowhere, and we only drive up there when bored.
>van's gaining on us pretty fast
>slight hill in the road, drive up and then over and back down,
>fully expect to see the vans headlights again
>nothing, not a single thing, other than pitch black
>there are no turnings off of the road, and it's up in the hills, the exact stretch of road we were on to the left hand side was a massive fall
>we pull up at a pub car park after driving to a t junction, waited for ten minutes, nothing.

It's happened more than once, same van. That was the first time, it freaked us out quite a bit.

[172]

>last week
>driving home from Networking class
>get to my road
>I live in the middle of nowhere
>While going down the road I see a talk figure.

>I think it's a person
>after I pass it, it chases my truck
>It's keeping up with my truck
>it stopped at the bottom of a hill and turned around

[173]

>Be driving home after dinner with friends
>its really dark normally there would be streetlights,
>as I turn at street where I live notice a thing in the border of
my field of view,
> turn the car around
>guy dressed in black with a cowl
>couldn't see his face
> something doesn't seem right about this,
> turn the car around yet again
>start driving away looking in the rear
>turn head so I can park right
>guy is right in front of me
>he doesn't move
>NOPE.avi
>run into house close all doors and windows
>have automatic steel window shutters, close that too
>whole night I could hear a scratching noise on the doors and
shutters
>next morning go out, the white paint of the door has been
totally scratched off.
>NOPE.avi

[174]

>About 4 years
>Friend and I drive to a party that is way off in the boonies

>Be going back after party at about 3am
>Lots of cloud cover so not even the stars or moon are visible
>Driving down the winding road that is crowded on both sides by deep forests
>Approaching a sudden turn in the road so slow down a good bit
>While turning I notice there is a clearing in front of the curve that holds cattle
>Lights wash over dark figure standing in the field
>What, why is someone standing in the middle of the field so late?
>Is looking down at a cow/calf and looks to be wearing some kind of dark black coat
>Figure its some farmer tending to a cow, just really really late and without a source of light. Completely normal right?
>It looks up at us, the eyes are highly reflective like an animal's
>Starting to nope, but still kinda curious so stop in the middle of the road
>Friend is noping harder and does not like this
>Sit there for a couple seconds and my friend is about to give up complaining when suddenly the "coat" the thing was wearing spreads extremely wide revealing itself to be wings and then it takes off into the sky
>Nopenopenopenopenope
>Put the car back in gear and race out of there
>Friend didn't say anything so I start telling myself I just imagined it
>Get back in town and my friend finally speaks
>All he says is, "It stopped following us"

[175]

>Driving home with my dad about 10pm.
>On a major road so it's fairly well.
>About 300 metres in front of us there is a bundle of grey rags on in the middle of the road.

>Rags begin to move as if being filled with air.
>Starts to shamble across the road.
>Neither of us can say a word.
>It looked like someone was trying to push their way through a blanket.
 >the thing was swaying and slowly moving it's way to the edge of the road.
 >felt like a dream, if I looked away it might disappear.
 >pass the thing, it disappears.
 >4 metre high wall on the side of the road. there was no where for it to go.

>week or so later mum and sister say they saw something strange driving home.
>Ask what?...an old woman in gray rags, suddenly dissapeared.
>In the exact place we saw it.
>Masonry excreted.bmp

[176]

Here's one:

>Live in central PA.
>Driving home from work, through mountains and such.
>Bout 7 pm on a November night, pretty dark.
>Going down road when suddenly two adult buck brown quadrupedal figures dart across the road in front of me.
>Slam on breaks.
>Man, almost wrecked two deer.
>Occurs to me about 5 minutes later the figures had long tails and paws, which deer obviously don't have.
>Also had the gait of a dog.
>Nope.jpg all the way home, highbeams on the whole way, watching the sides of the roads for anything else to dart out.

Not the greatest, but it did actually happen and I never did find

out what they could have been. Some escaped great danes maybe, but like I said, the size of two deer.

[177]

>be some years ago
>about 2/3 in the morning
>5 of us in the car driving around country roads
>end up at least 30 mile from nearest farmhouse or village
>nearly knock a guy over who's standing on the side of the road
>stop the car a little way up the road so he can still see us and we can see him, just want to scare him a bit because we're bored and what's he realistically going to do when there's 5 of us
>guy standing there still just staring at the car
>put window down "WHAT YOU DOING?"
>guy starts sprinting towards the car shouting
>put foot down

It's actually a pretty spooky type of area as it is, we used to camp there there's also been a few alleged sighting of big cats in the area although we never seen or heard anything when we camped there.

[178]

>friend is driving me home after watching horror movies at her house one night
>drive by a nursery near my house
>guy walking slowly on the sidewalk next to it
>he is wearing a hoody with the hood up so we can't see his face and carrying shopping bags
>bear in mind this is at about 2 am
>friend gets lost and ends up driving in a large loop around the

neighborhood and we near the nursery again

>we decide to drive by slowly to see if the slow walking guy is still there

>we don't see him at first, then I turn and look out the side window and realize that he is standing on the sidewalk just outside

>he is in the exact same spot we had last seen him 10 minutes before, only he was standing completely still and looking down

>naturally, we screamed like little girls and drove away quickly and never drove by the nursery at night again

[179]

Right, I posted this here two nights after it happened (which was probably roughly two years ago) and I was met with people telling me it was some sort of mythical Greek demon or something - I don't really remember the specifics- and, being something of a skeptic, I put the thread down to BS, let it die, and never saw a point in mentioning it again. But screw it, for your enjoyment;

>riding motorcycle back from ex's house at around 1am

>take lanes route as it's a more pleasant ride, particularly at night when there's no one else on the road

>coming through back lanes to Old Watling Street (rural network of lanes and fields in South East England)

>come to a clearing where there are no bushes either side of the road separating the road from the fields either side, just very low, sparse hedging

>load of gravel carpeting middle of the road

>shift down two gears and slowly let clutch out while applying some front brake to slow right down before I hit it

>thing runs out and across the road about 100 feet in front of me
>running on two legs, covered in skin tight gray fur like that of a deer. >stood at about average human height

>wat.jpg

>cruise past the spot on the right side of the road where it had

vanished into the darkness at like 10mph
>look to the right of me
>crouching down on the natural slope of the field
>the eyes
>instantly hit the revs and start moving up second gear
>quick glance to the right
>freaking running next to me, no more than five feet to my right,
just behind back wheel
>pop it into 3rd and nope out of there
>can't let myself go faster than 30 because don't want to risk a
spill in the winding pot-hole lanes and end up standing on the
same ground as it
>reach end of the lanes after what feels like ten minutes and get
onto the A5

[180]

>Driving home from dropping a friend off
>Notice bent over trees
>Must have been a crash, had been snowing earlier
>Continue driving as normal
>Suddenly thump in truck bed
>Check rearview and two red eyes with black pupils
>Howls like (seriously) balverines from Fable
>Slam the gas pedal
>Get home
>Bring dog inside
>Nope all night

[181]

>be like 14
>be 1:00 in the morning

>driving home from vacation with mom, bro, sister
>Driving on Aligator Alley look it up
>there is NOBODY out on the road
>bro and sis sleeping in back seats
>Hear exaggerated heavy breathing coming from the way back
>bro and sis woke up but no one freaks out
>mom asks who's making that sound
>look back and bro and sis eyes wide open scared
>they hear it behind them in the empty SUV trunk space
>mom don't know what to do
>puts on Christ cd
>bro is crying
 >outside I start to notice dense fog looks more like smoke from
 a fire on right side of the highway into the woods that extend
 miles upon miles
 >get home

[182]

Not scary as much but kinda creepy and weird.

>be 19 about 2 a.m
>driving back home after babysitting my sisters kids.
>make a wrong turn and get lost in her neighborhood
>try a street which I think can get me out on the main road
>as I drive for a minute first thing I see is cats flooding the street
literally have to honk to get them off the street
>these cats look old dirty and wild
> shrug it off and press on even though have to occasionally stop
as literally like 80 or more cats on the road .
> realize that I hit a dead end. suddenly notice the last house on
the street is emitting red light and the door is torn of the hinges
and lying on the front lawn.
>cats are pouring out of that red light house
>think about investigating but then realize that why are all the
streetlights out? and why don't I see any neighbors or neighbors

lights on or people out as I can hear the cats meowing and hissing plus my honking earlier.

>Nope
>back up turn around come back to the same street tomorrow around noon.
>no cats in sight see neighbor or two doing hard work and see not one cat while driving about
>check red house no red glow or door broken

To this day I'm convinced I went through a bizzaro pocket dimension. Kinda bummed out I didn't stay a little longer and not poked around, or at least look around for another minute, but those cats man creep me the out, and I love cats.

[183]

>be 12
>driving home from friends house with my dad
>it's pretty late so I'm getting tired
>spacing out, looking at all the trees out the window
>notice something that looks sort of like a giant bat with red eyes standing upright
>start getting a little nöpish
>then it just falls back behind a tree after it noticed I was looking out the window
>NOPE
>thinking we we're about to get attacked, I tell my dad I'm gonna be sick so he would hurry home
>we get home and I fall asleep on the couch
>wake up
>go to friends house to tell him what happened
>his mom overhears me explaining everything and then leaves upstairs really quick
>when she comes back down she has a book in her hands
>she opens it up to a page all about urban legends and ask if I've ever heard of the mothman

>tell her that I've never heard of any urban legends
>she shows me a picture in the book that is a perfect representation of what I saw
>she then tells me how the most documented sightings come from our county in P.A.
>nope.nope

To this day I will never go anywhere near those woods.

[184]

>Leaving work
>On highway out in the middle of nowhere
>Car suddenly stops, battery is dead.
>Home is about a mile away and it is pitch black.
>I try my cell phone, only to realize the battery is dead, my headlights are out and it's so dark I can't see anything.
>About 30 minutes later, ready to get out of the car
>All of sudden hear tapping on my back window, almost piss myself and look back.
>Can't see anything.Climb into passengers seat and squish myself into the floorboard.
>Try not to make any noise because I'm scared and if these people were trying to help they would have said something
>Tapping continues almost all night, stay in my car scared to death.
>Sun starts coming up and the tapping stops.
>Climb out of car as another car passes me, waving at the driver.
>They don't stop.
>On the window, smears of dirt that look like fingerprints.

I filed a police report, but seriously, what are they going to do with that information? I'm terrified to drive home now, because I live kind of out of the way of the city.

[185]

>be last night
>midnight
>drop friend off at work
>start to drive off
>BOOM
>lights behind me go off
>BOOM BOOM
>lights in front of me go off
>speed off
>BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM
>lights going off
>NOPE NOPE NOPE NOPE NOPE NOPE NOPE
>EVERY street light on my path to my house is off
>All other lights are on
>only way to my house
>NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOPE about 40 mph over
the speed limit
>heart is going about 200bmp
>got home
>ran into my house
>feel instant relief

That was scary.... I didn't like it ;_;

[186]

>used to ride shotgun in a cash transport van
>this time driving at night, 2 hours without stopping
>driver and myself locked in the driver compartment
>cash locked in the back, often reaching the limit of 50 million
 >compartment in between, door can only be opened if the
other door is locked

>absolutely no way anyone can be in the van with us
>driver starts to tell creepy story
>...okay anon
>tells me he went to visit a couple in hospital years ago
because they had a new born baby
>he looks into the baby's cot
>sees an old woman looking up at him
>old woman is wearing old fashioned clothes and looks angry
>driver describes old woman and what she is wearing
>new father no reaction
>new mother starts crying, very distraught
>...what's wrong femanon?
>her grandmother recently passed away
>no way driver could have known this
>hear an old woman's laugh in the van followed by the sound
of a baby crying
>nope.jpg
>look at driver
>driver looks at me but eyes glazed over
>...w-w-w-watch the road anon
>driver continues to look at me with unfocused eyes
>radio out of nowhere turns on and starts playing
<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1zeYNI95vw>
>driver snaps out of it and acts normal again
>what just happened
>finish shift and never share shift with him again
>few years later no longer work there
>hear a driver crashed on the way home
>to this day think it was him

[187]

>be seven(ish)
>have BAD Asthma(severe respiratory problems is the short
version)
>on our way back from hospital after particularly severe attack

>in back seat of moms car, dad came along, which sticks out in my mind(parents were separated, dad didn't do a lot of stuff with her)
>look out window, see something running beside car
>size of a medium-sized dog
>thought it was hairless at first
>press face to glass to see better
>covered in grayish-white hair
>looks like a humanoid dog thing
>running like a dog, but hind legs are obviously bigger, so its leaning forward
>looking at it
>not scared, just intrigued
>keeping pace with the car
>didn't pay attention to this part at the time, but we were on a main road, so maybe going 55/60 mph
>it looks up at me, and keeps running
>eyes are white
>staring into its eyes
>feel like I'm drowning(probably freaked me out and made me have another episode)
>mom turns onto our road
>thing keeps on going down the main road
>feeling goes away
>drowning/not being able to breathe = my biggest fear

I've never claimed it was a werewolf or anything, I just don't know what it was.

Things that make me believe it wasn't a dream:

I remember every detail, from my dad being there, to the Christmas lights up on the street lights on the sides of the road, to that feeling of drowning that thing gave me. I have only heard of one similar encounter on /x/ or any site for that matter, and they did not experience the drowning sensation that I did, though admittedly that was more likely than not just the asthma acting up due to intense fear.

[188]

I wasn't using public transport, but my own car when it happened. There was this vagrant-looking woman propping up a fairly large (commercial) sign while stationed on a chair in the middle of the sidewalk. She was alone, facing away from the direction I was coming from, which was quite odd considering she was on my side of the street (logically she wouldn't be holding the sign facing away)

I was going about 30mph. Her appearance stuck me in a way. I wanted to see her face

So as I passed, I immediately looked unto my rear view mirror. She was positioned the same way, facing the opposite direction.

[189]

- >Be 24
- >Driving down a dirt road in the middle of nowhere
- >No streetlights
- >Hit something
- >Flat tire
- >Get out to look
- >See a figure in the distance
- >Watch it without realizing its coming closer
- >Hear a distance thump-slide
- >NOPE it into the backseat
- >Sit in the floor
- >Getting closer
- >Thump-slide
- >Comes to the side of the car
- >Thump-slide
- >Stops

>I can see its shadow looking into the driver side
>Taps the window
>Pissing myself
>Watch it stand there a few minutes
>Feels like forever
>Thump-slide
>Gets more distance
>Thump-slide
>Build up the nerve to look out the window
>Nothing

[190]

>Driving through unlit wooded foothills around 3a.m.
>Listening to music
>Have the slight feeling of being followed/watched
>I whisper "show yourself"
>Around a minute later hear what sounds like a cross between an engine and a growl over the sound of the music
>"The heck was that!?"
>Look around, don't see anything
>Nope right out of there
>Drive to gas station, decide to drive the same way back (kind of a roundabout way to get home, feeling ballsy)
>Don't see or hear anything in the area at first
>Slight feeling of being watched again
>Hear another growl-like sound, could have been my tires, but I have no idea how?
>Have an intense feeling of dread and paranoia for the rest of the drive home

[191]

>be me, 18 or 19
>driving home from work late at night, maybe 11 or 12
>rainy night and windy, but no thunder or lightning
>car radio turns to static when it rains, so I had it off
>going down road and see white thing on side of road
> get closer, girl in white dress
>figure in hood next to her holding umbrella
>resist urge to stare when I pass by
>look in mirror to check sanity, nothing there
>freak out and completely turn around in my seat, and see them still there
>check mirror, not there
>pedaltothemetal.jpg
>get home and convine myself mirror was just misaligned or something

The complete silence except for the rain and road added to it being really weird. It was probably a combination of being really tired and living in a small town with weird ass people, but it was like November and it was super cold out. The girl had to be like 5 or 6 and the guy (at least I assume it was) was like 6'5 and completely dressed in black. Plus I never adjusted my mirror before or since then and I should have been able to see them.

[192]

Here's one that happened to my brother and me.

>be driving back to our house, went to grandparent's ranch for the weekend, brother's on the passenger's seat, around 10 PM
>talking about random stuff when suddenly he sees someone standing on the side of the road
>says that we have to stop to see if everything's ok
>fine
>brother leaves the car, walks to the person, then freezes and runs back to the car

>"Dude, we have to go! hit it!"
>wat.jpg
>"Just do it!"
>turns around to see why he's freaking so much and see the person's face pressed against the car's window
>dude has no freaking eyes and a huge grin on his face
>NOPE NOPE NOPE NOPE
>hit the gas so hard I thought my foot was going to break the car's floor
>driving fast as I can and freaking out really bad
>ask brother what was that
>brother is almost crying and praying
>pass a bridge and feel a chill running down my spine, watch the rear-view mirror and see the same person standing on the middle of the road, waving at us
>NOPE NOPE NOPE
>finally got home, we both leave the car, close the door and run inside the house
>all of mother's wat
>tell her what just happened
>she tells us that she saw that thing too, a long time ago, it was a dude that hung himself on the bridge
>all of our wats
>never used that road again to this day, and never will

[193]

>Be a Chicagoan on the way to school at Mizzou (in Missouri)
>Driving down I-55 south

For all you midwesterners, I'm sure you all know how when you drive down most highways around these parts, it's cornfields to your left and soybean fields to the right.

>around 2 am trying to make it back to Mizzou by morning
>Very few cars on the road by the time I make it to the middle of

Illinois at this time

>See a dude laying face down on the side of the road
>lowlwt
>Pull over up to him to see if he needs help or anything
>See that he has one arm tucked under his chest
>cornfields start rustling
>my/k/sensesaretingling.nope
>Speed off, looking in rear view to see him get up with a machete
in his hand

[194]

I-55 is creepy as hell at night. I live in southern Illinois so I have to take it to get to St. Louis or Chicago or anywhere worth going. I've never seen anything specifically and I try to avoid driving too late but something about how desolate it is really unnerves me. If something happens to you out there you're pretty much stranded in acres of crops or thick forests.

There's also the deer and things that can jump out at you any second when you're on cruise at 90 mph. Forget that highway.

[195]

Finally a thread I can post in relation to...Alright lets start it out. The first one is brief but the other story is a bit in detail.

>It's maybe 1 or 2am..I live in a rural suburban town with not a large population...
>Anways, go down to gas station for smokes and a snack.
>No cars out whatsoever... maybe just one car getting gas and the clerk's car
>Proceed to exit the lot and see that no cars are coming either

way (road is straight for at least 1/4 mile)
>Drive like 20 ft and take a sharp right into an alley like road
>continue on and get onto a road back towards my house

Let me go into detail for this...this road starts with a few roads that turn onto it but shortly it is just one road going one way. Only two turn around spots.

>Driving on the road suddenly I notice there are headlights in my mirror
>they gained on me and were about 1-2 car lengths away
>keep driving like wtfman get off my ass
>suddenly a bit down the road later I notice the bright lights suddenly vanish
>completely gone

I would have noticed if the car had turned around because of the two spots and the location I was....If he was to do a U-turn I would notice the lights changing direction in the mirror.

>I am like wtf...looked back and forth not knowing what happened...
>Immediately turn around and speed up to see if I could catch up....
>No car in sight...Not near any side roads or turn around spots... just vanished.

Still don't know what that was....perhaps an alternate reality...aliens...who knows?

#2 on the way

Alright...

I believe this was last Xmas...
Me and a friend were driving hanging out at like 11 or so.

>Driving down even more rural roads that are in the middle of

nowhere

>Driving, having a good time go down a road that suddenly turns left (really sharp)

Here's where it gets weird... This road went up a slight hill and had a road on the right...
shaped like this _____|-----

>So we turned and began to go up...

>notice something at the road that goes right on the hill

>Me and my friend are like wtf....

>It is this weird creature..

>kind of hopped or leapt with long strides across the road

>jumped over a big stone wall and through thick bush

>this thing traveled the 40-60ft distance in like 2 seconds

>oh it was coming from someones yard what was it?

Detail about the creature....It's hard to describe...It had like a long tail.. tall slender body and a pointed long face... It looked really weird...I know the outdoors and I don't know any creature like that in our area...

Me and my friend just stared and were like what the as soon as it ran off.

Quick side note....Months after I came upstairs and my older brother and his friend were in the living room chatting...I sat down said what's up.

They were talking about weird animals and stuff and his friend had mentioned that he had saw this weird thing running across the road...

I never told anyone about my incident.

As soon as I heard him mentioning this I described what I saw and his eyes got wide and shocked and he had said that's exactly what him and his friends saw.

This was in a different area but not too far away.

Hope you all enjoy... My location is CT btw.

[196]

>be me, driving down a road at night
>no other cars and in the middle of nowhere
>start speeding like a bat out of hell cause no other cars
>suddenly see some guy in the distance
>start to slow down, because guy is just standing in the middle of the road
>I stop cause he's right in front of me now and I don't wanna hit him
>start honking my horn
>he starts walking toward my car
>I back up
>look in my rearview mirror and see 2 other guys behind my car
>guy in front of me starts coming towards my passenger door
>Nope.avi
>start driving away cause path is cleared from the guy
>look in my rearview mirrors again
>see like 10 other guys just come out of nowhere

[197]

[In response to 193.]

How recently were you at Mizzou OP? Buddy of mine from GlenBrook North HS went there. but yes I-55 is creepy as anything, along with whatever goes from Rockford to WIU. Guess I'll green text.

>Driving to Western with 3 friends to party with buddy
>Middle of the day
>Corn to the left AND right
>absentmindedly listening to music, no idea how far we are
>Ahead I see a dirt road break off from the road
>weird, it's a four lane highway
>not exactly stopping traffic, middle of flippin nowhere, friend has to pee, etc. so we get out on the side of the road near where the dirt road extends into the cornfield.
>walk over to dirt road
>look
>road extends for 2-3 miles into corn
>at the end of a road was a giant ass cross
>we were a good distance away but I could tell it was freakin tall
>meh
>keep driving, get to western
>wasted at western
>no dd because yolo and highway is straight lol
>coming back
>see same road
>look down road
>cross is glowing red
>not on fire, glowing red. like someone put just the red Christmas lights on that bizzle
>pull over because youngest friend is a tweak about DUIs, and I want to see what all this glowing cross humbug is about
>drunk adventure time guys
>grab machete from car
>assume safe because we're all 6'3 220+ and drunk
> trek 3/4s of the way there, we go into stealth mode
>my friends are still thinking the Klan went green and this is just a reusable burning cross
>cross is in the middle of a grass clearing about 100 feet across
>sneaking towards the clearing we all stop and move into the corn to stay 7sneeky2u
>reach edge of clearing
> cross is in fact, a ton of red lights, but professionally built
>wait why does this farmer have a giant glo-

>look up
>in the 3-5 seconds it took that relieving exchange to happen,
this guy moved across a 100+ foot clearing instantly
>5 feet away
>what was a perfectly calm night turned into a windstorm
>book it the few miles back, every time we walk to catch our
breath we start hearing rustling in the corn and of our jimmies
>saw guy walking at a brisk pace behind us until we lost him
>was still creepy
>never going to western again. I'd say
>no one around cross
>eerie silence
>friend is about to step into clearing when I say that I see
someone
>across the clearing from us a middle aged looking man comes
out of the corn, dressed normally
>sigh of relief, stayed crouching though
>laugh quietly with buddy next to me

[198]

>be driving home from the mall at around 7 one night
>recently heard of a somewhat senile old woman doing weird
stuff at her house
>she built a fire in the middle of the road
>tried to kill her dog
>follows people
>just general weirdness
>so be driving home
>see a figure in the distance, standing at the edge of her yard
>ohgodoldlady.jpg
>as I get closer, I see her face
>idk how to describe it, just completely hateful
>glares at me as I drive by
>I live like two blocks away
>lock my car and sprint into my house

>whattheheck.jpg

[199]

>Driving from Phoenix to LA
>First time doing this, just driving along
>See a hitch hiker at the side of the road
>Almost pull over to see if he needed help
>Decide against it since it's the middle of the night and
hitchhiking aint what it used to be
>10 miles later pass a sign
>"Please do not pick up hitch hikers. MARICOPA STATE
PENITENTIARY"

[200]

>in Iowa
>driving down gravel road with some friends late at night
>see giant pitch black dog thing come out of the ditch and cross
the road
>red eyes staring at us the whole time
>about the size of a deer but looked like a dog
>soon as it got into the other ditch it disappeared

[201]

>be a few days ago
>in car, snow all around
>driving on long straight road with forests on both sides
>something darts across the road 100 meters ahead of me

>looks like a skinny canine, almost like a greyhound or whippet
>impossible speed even for those breeds
>continue driving up to that point in the road, no signs of anything

[202]

>be me
>driving 12 midday summer earlier this year
>long stretch of road that should've ended 10 minutes ago still has no turn off, when I know this road inside out, it should be here by now
>fog out of nowhere appears and becomes super thick
>road changes... colour? Becomes brown and bump, what the... where did this dirt road come from?
>see people walking by
>pull down window ask for directions
>excuse me, do you know where the M25 is? I'm kinda lost
>woman asks, "What's that?"
>it's a motorway, I was just on it 5 minutes ago
>"But that's impossible, there's no motorway near here."
>Uh, OK. Thanks any ways
>do a U-turn
>keep going for around 10 minutes
>dirt road disappears
>fog clears up
>I'm at my stop? Finally.
>car behind beeps his horn at me
>"Where the hell did you pull out from? Watch where you're going!".

Weirdest day of my life. I'm still not sure what happened.

[203]

>be me
>I'm driving late at night for fun, I enjoy just driving about
>it gets late, it's dark
>decide to take shortcut on the way back
>it's a single lane road, pitch black no lights whatsoever
>this road is never ending
>bang, flat tire
>oh man are you serious not now not now
>thank god for spare tires and jacks
>good thing I have a huge flashlight
>replace car wheel, glad it's one not two
>see huge obviously placed spike sticking out of flat tire
>as I'm done putting the wheel on the bushes rustle
>hear a creepy voice say I shouldn't be alone out here at night
>I'm freaking out, don't even look
>forget the tire and jack, bolt right into my car and start it and drive off
>see in rear view mirror a bald man in a hoody get a gun out
>a left bend comes up at the luckiest timing I've ever had
>make the fastest turn of my life
>hear the gunshot as I make that bend but the dude obviously missed thanks to the bend and me speeding off as fast as light
>floor it along straight road at 90
>refuse to ever drive out at night alone again

Most terrifying moment of my life.

[204]

Happened to my mum, my stories are luckily less freaky.

>be my mum
>be in northern poland in the 80s to visit grandma, who is polish
>drive along a street in a medium-sized city

>Suddenly a man stands in the middle of the road
>Continue driving, cause he'll probably move aside
>Man crouches to pick up his thing from the street
>Stands up and throws a pitchfork in mum's windscreen
>Because of shock, mum floors it and hits the man, moves several meters and stops
>Luckily someone saw it from inside one of the buildings there and called an ambulance

Mum spent 2 months in hospital because of several fractures she got then plus she still has bits of glass under her skin.

[205]

>Be over the road truck driver
>Two years ago
>Hauling trailer full of automotive glass from Chillicothe, Ohio to Boise, Idaho
>Driving I-90 through Montana around 03:00
>Running out of hours to drive on, only about forty-five minutes left before I have to stop driving
>Can't find any nearby truck stops in the directory
>seriously.gif
>See exit sign a few miles ahead for a small town, most likely a ranch-access road
>Get off ramp, drive across road and park truck on side of on ramp
>Illegal to do but trooper would prefer me sleeping on side of road than sleeping in a ditch
>Sitting in truck typing several reports into QualComm computer
>GPS suddenly gives error: Lost Satellite Signal
>QualComm suddenly gives error: Lost Satellite Signal
>QualComm beeps with another error: Signal Lost
>Think it's a strange coincidence, even though I've never seen the Signal Lost light come on before
>Reset computer, go into sleeper while I'm waiting for it to boot

up

>sleeper overhead light shuts off and low power alarm sounds
>wtf.jpg
>side light in back dims out and shuts off
>jump into front of truck and try to start engine because I thought my battery is kill
>no
>truck has no power
>open door, climb down, and stand in between trailer to pee
>haven't seen another vehicle in at least an hour
>climb back into truck and shut door
>reach for my phone to call dispatch when suddenly I get bombarded with beeps and lights flashing
>QualComm turned back on, interior lights back on, and dash light on
>turn key and engine turns over
>in the split second between turning the key ON and turning to START my headlights illuminated the ramp ahead of me
>could have sworn I saw someone standing on the shoulder a hundred yards up
>when motor is started lights turn back on
>someone standing ten feet from the front of my truck
>literally scream and jump, smacking my head on the storage bin above me
>supply air to brake systems
>hammer truck into gear and start rolling forward
>as I'm rolling forward, I see that it's a man standing on the side of the ramp
>he's turning his head to follow me as I drive past him
>he's smiling
>super-shift as fast as I can
>get up to 62.5mph in seconds flat (Governed)
>park at truck stop an hour away

Still don't know if that was paranormal, or some guy was just planning on murdering me. It was way 9kreepy3me.

...and that's how I received my first safety citation from the Department of Transportation.

>thanks Obama

[206]

>driving around middle of nowhere in upstate NY
>nice afternoon so the windows are down
>listening to music when I hear this weird sound
>think it's my car so I pull over an pop the hood
>lolidunnowhatimdoing.jpg
>close hood and about to get in my car when I hear the noise again
>it sounds like a tuba or something.
>it's coming from all around me
>it's really loud, so it echoes.
>happens a couple times
>holycrapaliums.png
>friend messages me later
>asks if I heard the same noise
>he was 6 miles away when he heard it loud and clear.

We still don't know what it was.

[207]

>be 19
>with friends, music, talking, that stuff
>just left the mall, right after it closed
>stopped for Subway, then home, probably 7:30pm tops
>just after pulling out (lets say 20 seconds), I see what seems to be an animal crossing the street, cat sized, and black, crossing from the right side of the road to the left
>I go on my brakes lightly to let it finish running across the street

as to not hit it

>all of the sudden, dead center of the road, it just vanishes and just turns into a dark mist into nothing just before a car comes from the opposite way over the hill

>I keep going and just rub my face and eyes, must be seeing things

>my friend in the front seat "Omg, you saw it too, didn't you?"

>look at her, dumbfounded, say yes, wait you did?

>we both talk about it and saw the same thing

>people in the back seat didn't care, saying "Why are you still talking about it?"

>We just go home and talk about it later when they're not around

[208]

>be living in northern Sweden

>be 26

>be driving northwest portion of Regional Highway 97

>mid February

>3 AM

>come out of a turn

>reindeer

>not uncommon, slow down.

>realize something is not right

>hundreds of reindeer

>all standing evenly spaced on both sides of the road

>all facing outwards towards the forest

>I'm being mooned by hundreds of reindeer

>at first it's a bit funny, looks stupid, as reindeer so often do

>drive slowly forward, as is protocol to avoid harming the animals

>realize as I'm passing through the alley of reindeer that each of them are turning their heads backwards to look at me right as I pass by

>this happens for every pair

>start to freak out

>eventually get through them all

>step on the gas
>look back in mirror
>hard to tell because only moonlight, but snow helps
>only single reindeer remains
>stands in middle of the road, staring after me

I'm sure this was some kind of natural behavior caused by the later hour or something, I don't know, but it felt paranormal.... there was intelligence and malevolence in the air.

[209]

I've got two.

> Be 7-8 years old
> Driving to larger town with mother
> Drive down this stretch of highway countless times in my life
> Reach a patch of highway that is a different colour because of a repaired pothole
> Everyone slows down, at least three other cars.
> Assume deer or something like that.
> Follow the other cars to go around something laying on the patch of highway.
> Looks like a mountain lion, huge paws and sandy coat.
> Is covered in bloody feathers, all white and has torn stumps where its shoulders were.
> Mom sees it, I see it.
> We don't slow down and keep going
> Nothing on the news or anything like that
> Me and mom talk about it a few times a year

Another that's far creepier:

> Be 18
> Be driving with friend out in the woods
> Talking about crap, I turn my head

> Girl, around our age with neck length, dark brown hair.
> She's walking on the other side of the road toward the median.
> Dressed in what looked like a brown paper bag, like the Paper Bag Princess. She is barefoot and wearing the paper bag like a tube dress.
> I say "Look out for her.", strangely calm.
> Friend slows down, equally calm.
> Paper Bag Princess reaches the median, turns her head toward us and is gone.
> There one second and gone the next.
> Suddenly we're both terrified.
> Friend screeches tires as she pulls away.
> Never saw Paper Bag Princess again.

[210]

>Be 18
>In car with Mom
>Driving down street near our house
>Completely empty at night by 10pm but it's the fastest way back home
>Looking ahead and mom says to me
>"You see something in the road? Something is reflecting the headlights."
>Take a closer look
>Barely make out a bike riding itself through the street
>It stops in the middle of the road
>We're heading towards it
>Still looks faded as hell the closer we get
>Begin to see what appears to be a man on it
>Drive right on through the bike
>No crash
>No noise
>Nothing in the rearview mirrors
>Mom and I nope out and swear to never take the road again.

Fast forward 2 months.

>Driving on the same road with older Brother
>We go past the exact spot where my mother and I saw the ghost
>I didn't see anything but as we go by my brother asks his wife
and I
>"Did you guys see that? It looked like a bike in the middle of the
street."
>NOPE.jpg
>Tell him the story of what happened with me and mom
>We all NOPE

[211]

>me and friend driving back home from beach
>very late at night
>we're both tired after a weekend of partying
>in the middle of wag seems to be nowhere (nothing but
farmland, pitch black outside)
>car gives out
>nope.gif
>on the side of the road in the field is what seems to be an
abandoned bus and the silhouette of a scarecrow (think jeepers
creepers)
>I point it out to friend
>he tells me it's closer than where I saw it
>friend is hysterical at this point, I've never felt so terrified in my
life

The car started working and we didn't stop until we hit a gas
station, friend told me he forgot something and had to drive back,
I noped and called for a ride.

[212]

- >Many years ago
- >Me, best friend, and his girlfriend
- >Swapping creepy stories
- >Decide to drive by the haunted train tracks (every town has 'em) and the nearby creepy cemetery that supposedly has spooky lights at night
- >Tell story of mysterious black dogs seen by travelers at night and how they're omens of misfortune
- >See a deer on the side of the road
- >Declare that I'm going to chase it down and eat it
- >Jump out of car and chase after deer
- >It makes sense in context, my manly outdoor activities were a running joke
- >Friend decides it'll be funny to drive off and leave me
- >Gets a hundred yards down the road and a black dog runs across the road in front of him
- >Car dies; no engine, no headlights, nothing
- >The brakes don't work either and the car rolls downhill until it comes to a stop on level ground about twenty yards from where I was
- >Car doesn't start until I get back inside and buckle my seatbelt
- >Well, that was both spooky AND convenient

- >Later that night
- >Friend giving me a ride home
- >Talking about how weird it was when the car died and that black dog ran in front of it
- >Continue telling stories about black dog sightings
- >Only car on the road
- >Driving on a tall overpass, brightly lit
- >Suddenly, a huge black dog runs across the road in front of us
- >Friend locks the brakes and we skid to a stop to avoid hitting the dog
- >We look all around and there's no dog anywhere on this brightly lit overpass

He got the flu really bad the next day and is convinced the black

dog was foretelling his misfortune. And that the powers of darkness think driving off without me was a jerk move.

[213]

>your average summer night
>driving from rural land back home in the city
>road comes to a very steep drop , I'm going really fast with the windows down (was getting tired)
>notice people at the bottom of the road where the drop becomes flat road again
>I'm not stopping
>keep driving as fast as I am
>they start jumping around and making wierd gestures or god knows what, they are fully aware that I'm approaching them but they don't move
>drive through
>look back and see nothing

Goosebumps every time.

[214]

I've got one, basically about an urban legend around my city about a girl who died in a minivan accident and had a tombstone erected in her place (1993), that if you drive past at night you'll see her apparition or something. Other legends about the houses In the area (all rural farmland) involves abandoned houses but me and my friends just wanted to get spooked, so we just decided to check out the memorial. Here goes:

>late night
>be about 18 (2 years ago)

>night out with friends
>there are 2 car-fulls of us
>we finally make it to the destination... Wait, where is it?
>we drive back and forth looking for it but can't see anything on the side of the road
>one of our cars is running low on gas, we call it a night and head back
>find open gas station, waiting in car as friend fills it up, others are inside buying stuff
>notice a girl walking across the road, fits the description

[215]

>driving up in the mountains
>a brown mist forms in front of the car, at eye level from where im sitting
>flies THROUGH the windshield past my face, through the middle of the car
>turn around in drivers seat
>see it travel through the car and exist through the rear windshield, then disappear

It looked like a weird, exaggerated face. I felt pure terror when I saw that. I immediately stopped the car and got out to see if I could find it again but I couldnt.

This was in the Santa Ana mountains, if anyone is interested.

[216]

>Years ago, in the passengers seat while my boyfriend at the time is driving.
>Coming back from San Francisco, night time.

>Driving the 152 East, through a particularly empty area - fields on all sides.
>Talking, singing to music all that stuff.
>See guy in yellow (hazmat? Construction Uniform?) suit-thing in middle of road.
>Boyfriend swerves around, hits breaks hard.
>Startled, threw my phone into backseat on accident.
>Look behind us. No one there.
>Look left, right - no one on the sides of the road.
>Hearts pounding.
>Continue driving home.

Never did figure it out.

[217]

>be me a few years ago
>looking for work on the east coast
>jobs don't really pan out
>start hitching it home
>get pretty far in the first few days
>third night I get stranded
>stuck out at some crossroads, tired, hungry, freezing
>suddenly lights appear at top of the hill
>air brakes come on, I climb into the cab of a big semi
>biggest man I've seen sitting at the wheel
>must've weighed about 210
>he tells me his name is Joe, I tell him mine
>we drive for what seems like all night
>swapping stories, etc.
>see the lights of a truck stop up ahead
>Joe says this is my stop
>says he's gotta make a turn up the road
>before I hop out of the cab, Joe hands me some change
>says go in there and get a cup of coffee, on me

>watch Joe's rig pull away
>head inside, ask for coffee
>tell waiter that Joe's setting this guy up
>whole truck stop goes silent
>laugh, "Did I say anything wrong?"
>waiter says "No son, but everyone in here knows Joe"
>tells me "this happened about 10 years ago"
>"A schoolbus was making its way back to town"
>"It was right in the middle of the crossroads when Joe came top of the hill"
>"Kids would've died if Joe didn't turn his wheel"
>"He jackknifed, skidded and lost control"
>"Joe gave his life to save those kids"
>waiter tells me to keep my change
>"Consider it a souvenir from Big Joe & Phantom 309"

[218]

This didn't happen to me, but it happened to a friend. It was actually in Point Pleasant, WV, where the famous Mothman sightings happened. I was visiting my friend there and he gave me a tour of the sightings area. As we drove past a a little dip in a two lane hard dirt road in the woods, he pointed it out to me and told me this story:

>He and five friends in his pickup
>3 drunks in the back, 3 sober guys in the cab
>Drunks were standing up and looking over the cab, being reckless idiots
>From woods on left hand side a creature emerged and crossed the road
>7 feet tall, upright, two legs
>Legs had digitgrade joints, like a dog or wolf's
>Arms hung down from the shoulder, very low, past the knees
>Hands had long fingers that seemed to end in elongated talons or claws

>Chest was wide and broad, like a very large man's
>As it strode its head remained level and did not bob
>When it reached the middle of the road it turned its upper torso
to look at them
>Head looked like a dog or a wolf's, with flat yellow eyes, and
snout tucked against chest
>Never broke stride, and in a moment had disappeared into the
trees on the opposite side of the road

Everyone in the car saw it and they were terrified. None of them reported it, because driving that way is illegal, and the drunks were underage.

Take this secondhand story for what you will.

[219]

Its not very good for entertainment purposes, but I remember once on my way home from keswick (20 minute drive to my house) my mom just stared at me wide eyed for the last 5 or so minutes of the drive, Didn't say a word didn't look away or at the road or anything.

I remember feeling un-easy and looking away only to look back and see her still staring. I half remember a sort of grin on her face too. As soon as we got home it was like nothing happened. I ran inside, and we never talked about it.

[220]

>Out driving around with bf late at night down deserted roads with woods all around.
>Fall asleep sometime or another.

>Wake up to bf slamming on the brakes.
>I'm still half asleep wondering why the hell he did that.
>Look up and see some weird animal hovering above the trees.
>It was a pale color, at least it looked pale against the sky and it was really weird looking.
>Didn't look like any bird, owl or bat that I've seen.

[221]

>Probably about 12 or 13, parents are driving
>We live near the Susquehanna River, and are driving along it with a very large cliff face/hill on the opposite side with bushes and underbrush down in the side of the road
>See a man climbing out of the underbrush, he has a white face
>Comes further out, it's clown make up
>Dressed in full clown attire, looks dirty and is holding a suitcase
>We're passing him now, he simply climbs out and stands there on the side of the road
>I turn around and watch him for as long as I can, he just stands there staring forward and holding his suitcase and doesn't move

[222]

I don't know if any of you live in MN but if you do you know how creepy the woods are anywhere north of Minneapolis.

>Be this past summer
>Driving girlfriend at the time to her mothers house in Milaca from Minneapolis for a funeral or something.
>Takes about an hour to get there.
>Drop her off and get back on the road home.
>As soon as I get out of town, start to see fog.
>"Probably just from that construction up the road."

>Fog goes on for a few miles. Getting so dense I can barely see the road.
>Start seeing figures on the side of the road.
>Probably just animals but some are tall and look humanoid.
>Strangely calm and driving slow because of bad visibility.
>Finally get past the dense wooded area and fog starts to lift, took almost half an hour for a 10 minute stretch of road.
>Still seeing strange figures on the side of the road not moving or anything.
>Not until I pass a deer that I notice these figures aren't very solid.
>Stop seeing them as I get closer to the city.

[223]

This didn't directly happen to me, but to my friend.

>friend had come back home after working away in england for a few years (live in south wales)
>Middle of summer and weather is pretty good
>friend invites me over to play games and watch anime like old times
>decide to go for a drive
>going over the mountains, we come up to an area I always go to with my camera just to relax
>its quite busy on this day so we are going slow, theres a pond and an ice cream van on the opposite side of the road so lots of people crossing and cars coming in and out of car park
>friend then tells me that a few nights ago he went out for a late night drive with the top down, over the mountain and over this road
>friend got freaked out when he heard a strange sound thinking there was something wrong with the car
>sounded like something hitting the floor repeatedly but with a weird rythm
>realised it wasn't coming from the car but from behind him

>the sound then seemed to come along side him
>friend slowed down as he was going quite fast and the road is a bit small
>expected to see a car along side with some damage
>the sound then seemed to go past the car, but nothing came in view of the headlights
>Sound faded away
>ask friend "Would you say the sound was like a horse running?"
>friends expression drops in amazement "yeah thats just what it was like!"
>simply said to my friend "do you know Foxhunter?"
>friend now confused, tell him to turn around in the car park and drive up the narrow lane nearby
>lane leads a different route over the mountain but there is parking by huge telephone mast and station
>we park and I get my friend to follow me a few feet up onto the grassland
>walk up to a huge pile of rocks
>I point at the rocks and say "Get up there. That is Foxhunter."
>Friend, still confused, stands on top of the rocks and sees the plaque
>The rocks mark the burial site of a racehorse called Foxhunter
>Friend now half freaked out and half amazed

Gotta say I was jelous though, I've been up there loads of times, day and night, never seen or heard anything.

Further across the mountains I know they found the body of a girl who was murdered by her father back in the early 2000s I think, always tell my friends that if we are on the mountains at night. Scares the crap out of them.

And for reference, here is the Wiki link about foxhunter.
<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Foxhunter>

>Power out due to 2011 ice storm
>friend has power at his house
>me and a group of friends decide to go hangout there
>"Be careful down by the park, it's really foggy."
>be driving through town no power everything is eerily dark and silent
>between the headlights, snow, and lack of town light we can see really well
>get about a block away from the park
>Absolute darkness
>the cars headlights didn't even pierce the fog
>friend tries turning on highbeams
>Still nothing
>go a couple more blocks
>everything goes back to normal
>turn around to look out back window
>can't see any fog
>Nope

[225]

>be 17/18
>be driving in local countryside at night with friend cuz bored
>come to long narrow bridge (been there since saxons)
>see 3 white/pale/transparent figures in road
>slam on brakes
>figures vanish
>my friend and I turn to each other
>didyouseethat.jpg
>notice a figure is now standing by passenger window
>see terror on friends face... he's not looking at me, but behind me
>I think I know what's there
>N O P E
>slam car into gear and gtfo

I no longer drive down that road.

[226]

I'm not sure if you guys posting all of these are lyinh or honestly telling the truth as some of this is pretty out there. Regardless, this happened to me and some friends of mine a few years back, not THAT creepy, but it's true so shut up.

>We used to go four wheel driving a lot into this big old pine plantation
>I drove this old Suzuki Sierra/Samurai with an open top because it was summer
>eventually we started going there at night because it was kinda creepy and over time kept going deeper and deeper each time we went
> we repeatedly joked about the car breaking down or getting bogged, and started bringing a camcorder with us
>it was pretty cool, we came across something creepy each time like an old baby's cot, or a large bunch of rotten fruit
>One time we went further then we ever had, and our minds started playing tricks on us
>we got scared decided to go home, by doing a 3 point turn on the narrow road
>at the point of the turn where we reversed towards the bush, we stopped for a second because we thought we heard something, then heard some kinda chain or something in the bush behind us and got scared and sped of laughing
>when we got home we we still laughing about how scary and stupid that was, and decided to watch the video
>on the video at that EXACT time of the pause and silence before we sped off, there is a distinct whistling, not like a wind through the trees, but an actual tune.
>I've replayed that moment a bunch of times in my head, and I'm certain no one whistled, we were silent and listening for what we

thought we heard

Needles to say we returned a few more times, but never went quite that deep into those woods ever again. Our fear of Ol' Whistlin' Pete made sure of that.

[227]

>be me
>driving my car upstate
>I see a dirt road in the woods
>letsdothis.jpg
>turn and drive up the road
>start seeing things on the road
>blankets, toys, ect
>starting to get weird
>finally reach the end of the road
>it's an abandoned town
>start driving around the streets
>starting to get dark
>decided to stop for a second cause I saw a Bel Air in a driveway (I'm a car person)
>get out and start looking at it
>door opens when I try to open it
>interior is ripped, car is rusted
>see movement
>look up
>there's a person staring at me through a window in the house
the car was parked in front of
>NOPE
>bolt out of the car and hop into mine
>speed away

I tried finding that road again but I couldn't. My dashcam battery died and I couldn't record anything. The person looked like some shadowy figure. Now that I think about it it could've been a

hobo, they're known to be in that area. Still freaked me out nonetheless.

[228]

>live out in the sticks of rural Michigan
>driving home at about midnight after seeing a movie with the gf
>passing through a very thick stretch of the woods
>see the usual stump that marks about 3 miles from home
>pass a dead orange cat
>make dumb Garfield joke to gf
>should be rounding a bend soon
>road is still straight
>notice a stump by the side of the road
>it's the same stump I just passed
>weird
>drive by dead orange cat again
>gf on phone, hasn't noticed yet
>approach the bend
>nope, bend is gone
>just the same stump
>gf looks up and asks why we aren't home already yet
>sees the dead cat
>she gets quiet
>I'm really starting to freak out
>grab Springfield XD from the glovebox so I can shoot the road if it does it again
>there's the stump again
>gf asks if I've noticed anything weird
>tell her I'm seeing the same stuff
>pass dead cat, she starts shivering
>I'm scared to stop, but after another loop decide to try something
>pop it into reverse, gun it
>back past the stump

>run into the dead cat again
>NOPE.jpg
>quickly go back into drive and floor it
>pass same landmarks again and again
>gf is crying, and I feel like joining her
>been doing this for at least ten minutes
>clock appears to be malfunctioning
>genre savvy enough to keep the radio off
>finally, the bend appears
>get to the house
>turn on all lights
>lock all the doors
>pour salt on windowsills, put bibles at doors, keep guns within reach, every antievil stuff we could think of
>stay up until sunrise
>never take that path at night again

[229]

This one isn't very scary but it sure as hell was eerie.

>be last year
>driving down a very rural road in Washington state at 3 AM with my friend
>forest on either side of the road
>see something weirdly shaped in the distance, no big deal though probably a tree or something
>as we get closer we realize its person shaped
>what.jpeg
>nearly swerve out into the middle of the road as we realize that it IS a person with a hoodie on
>there were no parked cars on the side of the road
>haven't seen a passing car for the last 45 miles
>he's literally standing right on the white line of the road
>his back is facing the road, and he's staring off into the trees
>doesn't even flinch as I nearly graze him going 60 mph

>my friend and I are too pussy to go back to check on him

Was the weirdest thing I've ever seen on a road.

[230]

>dropping off a friend at their place

>late at night

>anon look out for chick!

>see a woman in all white in the middle of the road

>slam the breaks too late, literally remember driving through her

>look back, no girl

>me and friend are the only people on the road

>we nope it down the road

[231]

>several years ago

>in high school

>employed with friend at food service job

>we carpool/take turns driving each other

>stayed literally hours after due to theft by another employee

>driving down route 50 to get us to our neighborhood fast

>all lanes closed due to night construction, we get detoured

>driving down a road I've never seen before

>very tall trees, it was fall so they had no leaves

>street lights are set up in a weird way, they're behind the trees

>looks like glowing white skeletons of trees along this road

>friend points out that the houses we're passing are all empty

>I hadn't noticed, was driving. surely they can't all be empty

>keep going, looking at houses, can see lights on but the first floors all look empty from the road

>we drive along this road what feels like ages
>finally we get to a main road
>as I turn onto it, immediately hit by sirens and lights
>cop pulls me over, asks me what business I have driving
through that neighborhood
>tell him I was lost, he asks me a bunch of questions
>finally tells us to piss off
>we were 3 towns over from where we wanted to be
>didn't think to write down any road signs
>tbh don't remember seeing any
>can't find this area on a map of the area using both locations
as point of reference
>spend the next year telling everyone about the twilight zone

[232]

My father was a military trucker in the soviet union in the 60's,
this is probably his creepiest story...

First of all, the soviet government tended to ship stuff discretely;
usually not telling anyone what was in what they were shipping,
and disguising sensitive shipments as food; or other such stuff.

Anyways:

>Massive metal box
>Said it was around 10' 10' 10' perfectly square
>One entrance, had a door with one of those naval door type
things on it, like pic related
>Is given some other stuff, nothing really that exiting
>2 days later; middle of the night driving north of the caspian sea
>Starts hearing his engine start to sputter, but loud
>Stops the truck
>Banging continues
>Realizes it's the box
>Is pretty spooked by this

>Dad can't really do anything since it's a government job, keeps driving
>Banging continues
>A couple miles later it stops
>dad is relieved, continues driving
>drives through the night
>Stops at his assigned checkpoint to sleep for the day
>Getting drunk at a bar in town
>6 soldiers walk into the bar
>Apprehend father
>Interrogate him, call him a traitor, etc etc
>Turns out whatever was in the box escaped
>Dad realizes why the banging stopped
>Tells them around where it stopped
>About a week later
>Dad hears stories of a slaughter in a small town right where the banging stopped
>The first word-of-mouth stories called it an Upyr
>The later state propaganda just passed it off as freak series of wolf attacks

My dad resigned as soon as he could after that, and then defected through the Finnish border.

[233]

> driving through woods in Cumberland, RI
> for no reason whatsoever, just went for a drive
> notice lights behind, think nothing of it
> Lights follow for about 10 minutes no matter what turn I take
> Start to panic a bit, thinking it's cops following me to see what I'm up to
> Decide it's best to pull over as if I'm lost and if it's cops they will stop to help or if it's a random person they will just pass
> pull over to the side of the road
> as lights get closer, no engine noise

- > lights keep getting closer, must be driving a hybrid or something
- > lights pass my car, with no car attached
- > just lights floating
- >mfw
- > sit there for a while wondering what's happening and watch them turn the corner up ahead
- > wat hard for what seemed 127 hours
- > realize I'm in the middle of nowhere
- > pull a U-turn and go home

[234]

- > ~4 years ago, living in NY, used to hang out with this girl
- > Driving home from her house innawoods one night, turn a corner
- > Look up from the radio to see something standing in the trees along the edge of the road
- > Tall dog- like creature on two legs, empty black eyes, sharp teeth, shaggy fur
- > Double take and it's still standing there, tracking my car as I blow past it
- > Floor it home

Over the course of the year following that sighting, I had another couple of run-ins with the same creature. Upon telling one of my close friends, an avid woodsman about it, he dubbed it "Johnny Gobbers" and we archived it in our list of reasons to respect the woods and take care when venturing into them at night.

- > Late realized that my encounters with this beast all happened in close vicinity to a Slavic community situated on this mountain.
- > Slavic witches summoning monsters?

[235]

>driving home at 4am
>decide to make a slight detour off of the road I was taking so I could take a piss at a spot I know
>the spot is in the middle of barren fields where you can see the airport a few kilometers away, and the city even further than that
>get out of the car and start to do my business
>suddenly off in the distance maybe 100m away, I can hear what sounds like laughing combined with a dog whining
>look around trying to see where it was coming from thinking just my luck someone was watching
>there are no trees or bushes within that distance, no buildings at all, and the only lights nearby are from the airport a few km away
>the noises are increasing in volume, and I can now tell roughly where it's coming from but there's nothing there
>finish up and turn to my car when the sound is joined by another one coming from the same distance in the opposite direction to the first
>quickly get in car and pull a u turn before speeding off
>as I'm accelerating away you can still hear the noises, now loud enough to hear with the windows up and engine on

Don't know what it was - maybe some morons playing a joke on me, but I wouldn't think you'd get that at the middle of the night, in the middle of nowhere, on a no through road.

[236]

Looking back this is more funny than nope but still freaked me out at the time.

>be 23 and halfway through a motorbike tour of the US
>started in Baltimore and was riding through Iowa when I decided to call it a day and set camp for the night

>a few miles down the road I find a dirt path, ride down it and set up camp on the edge of some farmland
>sitting by my small stove heating up some beans when I start talking to my bike about the day
>nothing new here, I talk to my bike more then I should
>ask her (the bike) if she wants to go to Nebraska or Minnesota next
>hear a voice, clear as day "I think Nebraska"
>I stand up and look around for the owner of the voice and see nothing but crops for miles
>suddenrealisationoccurs.jpg
>I stare at my bike
>bike stares back
>continue staring at the bike as I eat my beans
>bike watches me eat my beans
>eventually fall into an uneasy sleep
>the next day I break camp, pack the saddlebags and tentatively remount the bike
>decide it'd be best to ride to Nebraska
>a few hours into the state and the bike feels happy, throttle is smooth, gears easy and seat comfy
>I, on the other hand, was getting seriously freaked out
>decide I need to get drunk
>I found a bar in the middle of nowhere after a few miles
>'reversed' bike into a parking space so it can't see me
>start ordering beers and sit at the bar for hours
>I meet a nice Nebraskan girl who I still keep in contact with today
>thank my bike and carry on the tour with no more voices

I totalled the bike last year after some idiot drove into me at a junction. Many tears were shed later that night.

[237]

>went to go see Cat in the Hat, Michael Myers version with my

friend and his mom
>on our way back
>getting off the exit ramp, surrounded by forest
>as soon as we turn into the ramp and head down the tire is flat
>uhohspaghettios.rar
>pull over to side of the ramp, man I'm literally 5 minutes from my house
>friendly person pulls over in a big van... asks if we need help
>try to change tire or something
>cop eventually come
>while were talking to the cop I look behind him and see this guy walking out of the treeline just staring at us
>wearing a camo jacket, nothing a hunter would wear
>no orange whatsoever and not to mention its like 8 at night in the winter
>He quietly walks back into the woods
>I don't think anyone else noticed him

The really scary thing is that I knew something was weird for him to be there, but after reading this creepy threads about how people put things in the roads...

[238]

So this happened a few years back.

> Friends and I decide to take a road trip to Tennessee because one of us came with the bright idea of, "Hey lets go see Memphis."
> we are from Texas and my friend that's driving wants to take her own route
> cause apparently forget GPS
> mfw woman driver
> anyway so we head out and she plans to go through Arkansas
> halfway through Arkansas we stop to get a bite to eat in a little backwater town

> doesn't seem too bad plus there is four of us which is me, the driver which is a female, her boyfriend and our mutual guy friend
> it's like 11 at night and we are just shooting it at a diner
> we are talking when her boyfriend sees a couple of guys staring at us while we talk
> at first we ignore him when he brings it up because we thought he was screwing around with us
> half hour goes by and all of us have realized that he wasn't joking around
> we pay our bill and hurry out because we are really creeped out
> when we leave we notice the guys come out of the diner also (ha funny coincidence)
> so ten minutes after we leave somehow we get lost
> "Should have gotten a GPS."
> we all check our phones and none of us have any mobile connections (like we have a bar or two of reception but no mobile internet so our gps can't find a signal)
> we are on a road with no other cars around so we can't ask for help or directions

Greentexting on a phone sucks. I quit. Im just going to write it.

Anyway, so we are all thinking we are screwed so there isn't much we can do. Either we keep driving and somehow make our way to a main road or maybe pullover and wait til morning. We all talk about it and we take a vote. It turns out its 3 to 1 so we decide to drive another 30 minutes. If after 30 minutes we didnt find anything we would wait until morning.

Half hour later we think we might be near the main road so we pull over. Its about 3 in the morning and we are all worn out. I'm the first one to knock out when what feels like a blink of an eye I'm woken up by a knock on the window.

I jump and notice everyone was already waking up. My friend pulls the driver side window down to see who it is. Lo and behold it's the guy from diner. She jumps and we are all wondering what they're doing there. The guy bends down and says,

> "Y'all seem to look a little lost."
> "Yeah we are. Somehow we got turned around and we couldn't make it back to the main road, so we decided to wait til morning"
> "Well I think ya'll best hurry and get out of here because bad things can happen."

We all look at each other thinking what the heck?"

> "I bet. If you could tell us how to get back to the main road then we will definitely be sure to be more careful and not let it happen again."
> "Good, cause bad things have happened to people like ya'll when they come 'round here."

He looks back at his truck that's parked behind us and the brights come on. Well, mystery solved on where his buddy is. My friend looks back at us hoping we can tell her what to do. Her boyfriend mouths for us to go. The hillbilly/redneck whatever he was leans in closer.

> "...so I think ya'll should leave. Now."

We turn the car on and a moment later the trucks turns on too. We are all freaking out.

> He smiles and says, "We'll make sure ya'll leave and hopefully we don't change our minds."

He starts to walk towards the truck when my friends guns it. The car takes off. I turn back and see the trucks lights and I can tell they're driving after us. A few seconds later we hear gunshots from a rifle.

> Wtf! Are they shooting at us?

Her boyfriend looks back and says he saw a muzzle flash. Every few minutes we can hear a gunshot. My friend is crying uncontrollably and trying to get us out of there. We are all hoping they don't decide to speed up because our car cannot take a hit. It's a small toyota for christ's sake. After a while we didn't hear a

gunshot so I turn back and don't see the lights anymore. We take our first right and ten miles or so down we find the main road. As soon as we got out we drove back home.

Screw that road trip and especially Arkansas. That was the worst experience of my life. None of us got anymore sleep until we got back home. I don't want to take anymore road trips after going through that. Sorry if this was a little long but I added as much detail as I could remember.

[239]

>be me driving home from friends at around 2:20am
>exiting highway which turns into a street
>During recent CA storm last week so really rainy and windy
> as I'm driving I notice a woman wearing all white running down the street
>wearing weird clothes, almost like a nun's outfit but all white with a veil and long sleeves kinda blowing in the wind
>2spooky
>checked rear view mirror and side mirrors for this lady wondering what she was doing running this late during the rain
>nobody there
>nope

Reminded me of a story my mom told me about how she was riding in a car in Mexico down a dusty dark road and out of nowhere there was a lady standing on the side of the road wearing all white and holding a lantern. When they passed her she disappeared.

[240]

I was 15 years old, driving down a Highway around 2:30AM in Florida, It was just built so it was absent of highway lights. So I'm in the backseat but in the middle to where I can see the whole front windshield. My friend jokingly says "You know you're on the Suncoast Parkway when you turn your headlights off and you can see nothing."

So my friend turns the headlights off. Being adventurous myself, I didn't mind, but was still a little terrified because you literally see nothing. So me and my other friend tell him to put them back on, so he does. Then he says "One more time!" with excitement and turns them back off.

We get paranoid and tell him to turn them back on quickly, so he does. As soon as those headlights came back on all three of us screamed and he swerved the car in the other lane. What we saw was something very tall very skinny, like skin and bones skinny. It was on two legs, and its eyes glowed as it looked in our direction. As soon as we seen it, it walked off the highway and was gone in the woods.

My friend kept yelling "What was that?" and my friend and I, scared out of our minds, jokingly said it was a "Demon in the road" (Tenacious D reference) to kind of lighten the situation, but that wasn't working.

So my friend tells us he needs to pull over because he is about to piss himself. He pulls over, takes a leak, and gets back in. We continue to drive back home and feeling a little better, we get a call from my friend who was doing a gig at a bar we were all just at. He tells us that we need to come back and help him with something. We asked what happened and he said, "The weirdest thing, after loading in his music equipment he started back for home, he got on the highway and ran over something that (his words) wasn't there and had a flat immediately. He pulled off the nearest exit and took a look at the damage. He said jokingly "It looked like a demon shredded my tire."

So after hearing that it just made it all the more unsettling.

[241]

When I was 8 years old my stepdad joined a softball team, and this required us to travel on weekends pretty often, usually staying a night over in some other city. Back then mobile entertainment was pretty scarce so my sister and I would usually just listen to music and stare out the window to pass the time, playing things like slug bug and whatnot.

We were traveling through the outskirts of Coalinga (CA) on a very clear and bright night, heading back home. I was doing the usual, staring at rows of trees, watching the wind blow them in the opposite direction our vehicle was traveling. After passing an orchard I noticed a series of white barn houses in the distance with a couple trees scattered around. One tree was close enough to a building to cast a very distinctive shadow through the moonlight. The shadow greatly resembled a face, so much that I at first thought it was painted onto the side of the building until I noticed it moving with the wind. This might not sound all that interesting, but if you could see the detail of the face, how the pupils seemed to dilate and follow our car as we passed, the way the mouth started to open as we got out of viewing distance...

I like to pass it off as having an overactive imagination, but it was so clear when it happened. 20 years have passed and I still don't know what to think of it.

[242]

>driving to the city from the countryside
>going down a back road at well over the speed limit
>have the high beams on to avoid hitting animals

>all of a sudden a dark-coloured beat up car from the 90s with no lights on overtakes me doing some ridiculous speed
>the road begins a steep descent to a small 1 lane bridge at the bottom of a narrow valley, after which the road reverses direction
>the other car is nowhere to be seen, and it would've had to have slowed down very quickly to have made it over the bridge
>there's no way for it to have gone through that bridge without me seeing it
>car is gone

[243]

>Be a grad student
>be working semi-late on cadavers
>generally crack jokes about the cadavers as a form of coping
(lots of bad juju happens to me)
>get outside notice an atypical winter fog
>can't use headlamp because of the fog
(lessens visibility)
>main road of the city which has cars and busses at all times during the night is strangely empty
>sit on the corner for a while just to see
>fiddle with phone but no service
(this is a good size Mississippi river city with several hundred thousand in the immediate area, this is strange)
>after a while I decide to ride my bike in the middle of the street since nobody was coming
>ride home and notice how quiet it is
>went the 5 miles home and saw nobody
>none of my roommates are home, not even the dog but their vehicles are
>go to bed

>wake up in the morning and the lights are on and my sleep shirt is off
>feel oddly well rested

What happened to me, /x/?

[244]

- >December
- >Drop off a friend at his house at about 10 PM, after cancelling a movie night with some other guys because I felt really sick
- >On the way back, see a sign on the side of the road with the instructions to tune to a certain radio station
- >Do so
- >It's garbled and staticy Christmas music that's getting interference from another station which is an apocalyptic sermon
- >Start noticing there are no other cars on the road
- >Stop at an intersection
- >No cars
- >Wait for about 3 light cycles, still no cars
- >Radio still going, the pastor is getting louder and more enthusiastic
- >After a while, I pull out onto my road
- >About 10 more minutes before I see another car

[245]

Probably not creepy to anyone else, but still terrifies me to this day.

- >be last Christmas
- >going to see gf's family
- >6 hour drive to get there
- >start driving through national forest at around 3 am
- >everyone's tired
- >see a car on side of the road, headlights on

>slow down to see what is going on
>no one's in there
>don't think much of it, keep on driving
>5 minutes later see something running along the side of the road
>think it must have something to do with the car earlier
>decide to stop and see if whoever it is needs help
>start to slow down, but keep my eyes on the road
>friend in back seat starts screaming, telling me to drive
>everyone else wakes up and sees what he sees, all start shouting
>all the screaming freaked me out so I peel out
>look in rear view to see what the hell all the fuss was about
>all I saw was something around the size of a human, but clearly not a human
>from what my friend described, a large coyote looking thing, walking on all fours, but with the face of a human
>we were about 5 feet from it when I slowed down so I don't doubt that he got a good look
>never talked about it again

[246]

>Driving through small town in North Carolina at 2am Sunday morning
>Do this once in a while, never seen another car at this time
>Weird coca-cola truck shows up in lane to the right
>Must have turned in from a side road
>Glance over a couple of times
>White truck, "coca-cola" in black
>weird
>Notice the sliding doors have padlocks on them
>Notice was seems like someone pushing to get out
>Accelerate a bit and see the windows are tinted
>See the road I need to turn on up ahead
>Put on turn single to merge right

>Other vehicle speeds up with me
>Slow down to let it pass
>The other vehicle slows down, too
>Nope into the next gear
>Turn left, then a couple of rights and loop back
>Never saw it again

[247]

>Live in Australia
>Be driving from the city to the coast
>A lot of the highway just becomes forest with not another soul around.
>Just me and 1 other car on the road
>Notice something large on the road further up
>Cautiously drive up
>Tons of branches on the road
>Impassable
>Other car pulls up behind me and he hops out
>We both discuss our options
>he mentions that this is how people that want to car jack you get you out
>we both look at each other nervously, hop in our cars and turn around

[248]

I got one... pretty famous road (supposed to be Haunted) called Sweet Hollow Road out in New York.

Anyway, here's the story:

>Me and friends have gone up and down this road tons of times

>We decide to actually walk around in the woods near midnight
>Walking around my friend has a video camera and recording
>Pretty creepy almost pitch black without our video camera's light
>Start hearing things so we get out
>Go home plug camera in and start watching
>Hear my friends talking about stuff the camera person is alone and nobody is near him other than my other friend who's on the video talking back at him
>Suddenly hear this other voice on video and we all look at each other and go wtf?
>We increase the sound and we can make out some sort of creepy voice saying Be-wareee

Other story is this:

>Friends decide to go to the cemetery on Sweet Hollow Road late at night
>I chicken out and decide to drop them off and I go park at a parking lot in town
>I get these bad chills and start praying (I rarely ever pray) and I keep getting chills every time I finish a prayer...
>Eventually my friends come back and I tell them to walk into my house backwards (old superstition to stop spirits from following you home)
>We get inside and they start showing my pictures of the cemetery.
>One picture stands out
>Single tombstone with a shadowy shape around it like something is either sitting / standing on top of it with two yellow eyes
>I nearly flipped... No wonder I had those chills - something was there.

>in the middle of the night, driving home from a friend's party
>he lives out in the boonies
>driving on a small road through a forest
>dead tired
>suddenly a group of deer run across the road, I hit the brakes
but clip one of them with the car
>It gets up and seem fine, runs off into the forest
>Instead of running away the rest of them just stop and stand
there staring at me
>there's probably 5 of them, one is standing just to the right of
my car the rest down the road
>their eyes glow creepily from the reflection from my lights
>we stare at each other for probably 15 seconds
>suddenly they run up and start attacking the car, kicking it
>I just nope out and hit the gas, they dodge out of the way

Christ that was weird, and I had to get the dents and scratches
fixed.

[250]

>Be 19.
>Driving along the motorway, heading to the airport at about
4am, roads are practically abandoned.
>Some sort of sleek looking red and white supercar flies past
my car doing well over 130mph, acting like he owns the road.
>Jerk.
>Driver of the car loses control and smashes into the
barrier/divider in the middle of the road.
>Completely destroys the car.
>The car in front of us pulls over to assist him, so we just go to
the airport to catch our flight.
>Turns out the driver died.

>Fast forward 6 years, 25.
>Going on holiday with the same friend + 6 others to celebrate

his engagement.

>Around 4am again.

>Same road, heading to the same airport.

>Hear loud ass engine, sounds like the car from six years ago.

>Look out of my side window.

>Car that looks IDENTICAL to the one that crashed flies past us doing a stupidly fast speed and disappears into the distance.

>Look to my right at friend.

>Gives me the biggest "Did you just see that too?" look.

>The rest of our friends just start talking about the car, we're too busy freaking out.

>In later years dub the car "Ghost Racer" whenever we bring it up.

>He tells his kids the story to spook them out.

[251]

>empty road

>waaaaay in the distance, see man walking down road, facing me
>wearing like a suit or something, it's all black and long sleeves even though it's a hot night

>start to get closer

>he's tall and his head is too round, his eyes are too far apart, his mouth is too long, he just looked like a creepy, stretched out, deformed baby

>nope, but I'm driving by so it doesn't matter

>get up and pass him, his gross-ass baby eyes meet mine and I get goosebumps

>look in mirror

>his still walking the other way, but his head is flipped all the way backwards on his neck, he's not looking at me, just staring straight

>FLIP OUT and start crying

>speed to the next gas station, can hardly get out of the car I'm shaking so bad, run in and throw up.

The gas station people were really nice and concerned, they gave me coffee and told me that a few times a year, girls who were driving alone at night would run in freaking out, saying that they saw some creepy dude. Worst experience of my life, I called my mom and sister to come get me and couldn't drive alone for a week.

[252]

>Be in my late teens (17 - 18ish).
>Up on the North Yorkshire Moors with my stupid friends.
>Middle of the night, about 4am so there are no other cars around us for miles.
>Gotta go fast.
>My friend Mikey and I are racing each other along a straight run of road having fun, other guys aren't far behind us.
>Corner coming up.
>Mike swerves his car into a ditch smashing his headlights in, causing me to slam on my breaks so I don't clip the back end of his car.
>Run out of my car, and swing open Mikes drivers side door.
>"What the hell man? Why did you swerve? I almost hit you."
>He shakily says "Look in the middle of the road" before he just rests his head on the steering wheel as he shakes in fear.

Worth mentioning: Mike is used to being in much worse accidents than this, he does rallying in his spare time.

>Nothing in the middle of the road where he swerved off.
>Wave down other guys to get him to calm down.
>Eventually tells us that he saw a wrecked bike, with a rider laying motionless and face down not far in front of it.
>Sweep the sides of the road to make sure we didn't miss anything.
>Nothing there.
>We pull his car out and someone else drives him home because

he's too shaken up to drive.

To this day, he won't drive on that road after dark.

To be fair to him, the moors are scary. I've been stalked by a black car up there a few times, and I've been watched up there too. Beautiful, yet very eerie place after dark.

[253]

You guys really need to hear what I have to tell you.

>be me, a passenger in my friend's car at night
>we swerve round a tree
>I caught sight of a white cloth hanging low in the tree branches, tell my friend to be careful
>he refuses to look up, saying it "may be something scary lol"
>I unfortunately looked up and saw black hair coming out of the upper left corner of the cloth
>pass the tree, enter a tunnel
>just before we enter the tunnel, we heard something bump the top of the car
>as we left tunnel, friend had to slow down the car because of a steep gradient leading to the neighborhood
>white cloth slid out of nowhere and onto the front screen
>we both scream like little girls
>the white cloth parts away a little
>we see a part of the cloth that looked like a smooth egg with lots of black veins on the shell
>friend beeped his horn LOUDLY
>the cloth slid BACK UP to the top of the car
>friend refuses to stop the car, I frantically turn on the back light to make the mood slightly calmer
>I look back to see nothing

We managed to drive into an apartment block nearby my friend's

house and tell the security guards what we saw. They went pale, and told us to stay in the parking compound until people leave for morning prayers.

[254]

>be two years ago
>be like 11 at night, pitch black, no moon
>I am driving my three friends to one of their house
>lives out of town, never took him home, in an area that I have never been before, I'll probably get lost, but do anyways
>starts telling stories about how messed up the area is: Local myth about goatman nearby, rabid dogs just stare at you as you drive by with blood dripping from their teeth, an abandoned house that has one light on all of the time, ghosts haunting that road, smelling smoke and hearing whispers (I guess from a house fire many years ago) etc.
>drop them off, turn around to go home, spooked, so turn off radio, go slow, and try to chill
>start hearing noises in the car with me, think I see things in the brush
>get lost because area is weird, roads are curvy
>I swear there is whispering in the way back of my car (driving an SUV)
>nope.tiff outa there, just get out of here
>Eventually find familiar area again after my phone was not working trying to call the friend to ask him where I was and how to get out

[255]

> Be 14
> Mom's friend is driving us home from baseball game

- > On straight road
- > Guy is right on us
- > We all see the car's headlights in the mirrors and stuff
- > We stop paying attention and talk about something random quick
- > We all look back at mirrors
- > No headlights
- > didyouguisseethatoo.jpeg
- > We look around
- > No roads that the car could turn onto, no one in the ditch, no entrances to fields or anything

[256]

- >him and friend are driving down highway at night in separate cars
- >stretch of road between Arizona and California anyone who's been there knows its mostly open desert surrounded by mountains. good scenery but spooky at night.
- >anyway, other dude gets flat tire
- >both pull over so my friend can help
- >says he looked off in the distance at side of a mountain
- >says he saw what looked like someone signaling, like light shining off of a mirror
- >looks in opposite direction and sees another flash of light, like it was answering
- >get out of there as quickly as possible
- >maximum nope.flv

[257]

- >Dad in the 80s
- >Driving across a couple of state for work related thing

>Taking a backroad
>As he's going along he notices something up ahead
>Car wreck
>Somebody is laying near the wreck
>There's bits of fire here and there
>He gets closer
>Just realizes that there's something "off"
>Car is angled right
>Person has some spots of blood but nothing else
>Fire is just a pile of garbage near the vehicle
>Gets a gut feeling that something is wrong, lost in the supermarket feeling
>Just drives off
>As he's leaving, he looks into rear view
>The person is getting up
>A ton, and he means a TON of people came out of the treeline and join the person, they all stare at his retreating car.

Satanic cults in the 80s, innit?

[258]

>be me driving through redwoods in Northern California somewhere between Mendocino and Humboldt county
>early morning trip back from SF, maybe 5am right before dawn but still pretty dark out
>CA 101 passes thru these little redneck towns and there are just random houses in the middle of nowhere right off the side of the highway
>be coming down a hill, bottom of the hill is covered in smoke, thought it was fog
>get closer, it's smoke, pass a house totally engulfed in flames, clear as day, I know what I saw
>call Calfire and report it I remember it was near Stafford road
>house fire in the back of my mind for the next 45 minutes wondering if everyone is okay, the whole house was engulfed in a

raging fire

>Calfire calls me back, tells me there was no fire and they had no idea what I was talking about asking me if it was some kind of joke

>months later around a campfire hear a story about houses that appear out of nowhere on fire as if they are ghost houses from when a fire raged through the area 100 years ago

[259]

>be on the road at night with my mother (she drives)

>she suddenly complains about how fast the car behing her is driving and how the front lights are blinding her

>slow down

>we both check for the car

>nothing, no car

The thing is that we were on a straight road, so there's no way that the car could have taken any turn or something.

[260]

My dad was a truck driver, he's driven in many different states. When I was 15 I asked him if he had ever seen any weird stuff on the road. He only had one story even though he'd been a driver for 20 years. I'll try to remember as much as I can, here it goes:

>He was driving from Colorado to Minnesota

>In a road just outside Nebraska

>cloudy sky, so completely dark outside except for the truck's headlights

>radio goes from playing music to static

>changes the station, still static, every station he turns to is static

>he then realized that nothing else could be heard except for the radio's static
>keeps driving until finally the radio starts playing normally again and he can hear the outside sounds too
>a deer jumped in front of the truck all of a sudden
>runs over it without braking so he wouldn't crash
>he hears a scream, swore to me that it sounded human
>slows down so he can pull over and see if he hit a human that thought it was a deer because it was so dark, also check for damages to the truck
>stops the truck and checks the front
>nothing
>no blood, no damage to the truck, nothing
>takes a flashlight and walks back to where he hit the deer
>nothing, as if he had never hit anything
>gets the hell out of there

[261]

>Be at home, watching TV
>Dad calls, car broke down about 10 miles from the house.
>Wants me to bring the truck and tow him home.
>Get in truck, go to find dad.
>He's out on the interstate next to some abandoned looking shack.
>It's like 1am
>Get out, start getting the car hooked up to the truck.
>Dad keeps staring at this house.
>Finally ask him what he's looking at.
>"While I was waitin for you I swear I kept seeing something moving around in there..."
>Keep working.
>"Look, see!"
>Shoot my head up in time to see a figure moving in the window and another on the side of the house moving towards the back.
>"Just help me get this going so we can go home..."

>Start working double time and get everything going in about 5 minutes.

>Talking to dad for a second while he gets in car.

>Look up, front door to this abandoned house is open.

>See faint figure in doorway.

>Practically run to truck and get out of there.

I went back during the day to see if it was someone's house, and let me tell you, that place is abandoned. It looks like it burned down and it's completely empty, save for some graffiti and broken bottles. We saw figures moving around, multiples in fact. Not sure if it was ghosts or hoodlums who were contemplating robbing us or something.

[262]

>Going to work on oilrigs

>Friend said he's gonna bus it

>I decide screw it, gonna drive cause I love driving

>beautiful night country side

>never drove alone for so long before

>nostalgic cruising tunes

>last minute I get a call, it's my buddy, he says he's coming with me

>wtf? Okay

>He shows up at my house just 15 minutes before I'm leaving

>We go

>As we're driving, everything seems normal

>suddenly I'm waking up in the town we're gonna meet our boss at

>I'm alone.

>Look around for my buddy

>Get a call from boss, asks me where I am

>I tell him I was riding with my buddy

>boss says buddy came up on bus

>I tell him what happened

>later question my buddy, he legitmately acts like he doesn't know

>don't know if it was a prank

>over elaborate inept prank that they seemed confused and alarmed by when I asked them

[263]

>Estonia, 2AM, country road, driving home

>friend is driving, I'm in the passenger seat

>it's pitch black outside, friend is driving slower than the speed limit because the roads were all curvy

>we're talking, listening to music

>suddenly something like a black veil/shadow sweeps over the car, on the passenger side

>it literally looked like a giant veil but made of vapour (it didn't have form or substance), at least one meter across

>both of us saw it, we stopped talking simultaneously

>silence for a few seconds

>"Did you see that?"

>we both saw it, I looked back, didn't see a thing

We still don't know what the hell that was. I probably got a better glimpse because it was on my side of the car but I can't tell you what I saw. The weather was clear, there was no fog and we were driving slowly. It literally felt like we drove through something.

[264]

>friend went home alone after doing some project at some other friend's house.

>probably was about 12 AM.

>he drove his MPV car, so basically 3 rows of seat.

>looking on the mirror.
>out of nowhere, a pocong in the 3rd row.

Go google pocong, it's an Indonesian supernatural being.

>trying to keep calm.
>pocong was still there for ~6 KMs of driving.
>reach an intersection.
>pocong disappeared.
>great relief.

Can't believe it he didn't lose it, driving about 6 kilometers with a pocong behind him.

Then he told me, if I'm driving alone, put anything on the rear seats to prevent such creature to tag along in the car. Not many people survived through this, because you know, instant panic while driving.

[265]

>Be me driving home from work at 2-3am on ky backroads.
>right over the top of a hill looking down
>see oncoming at bottom of hill 100yds away
>as our headlights start to meet in middle of hill, make out figure walking down hill (not that weird)
>get closer, notice slim figure wrapped in zebra blanket, maybe cradling something.
>as I become almost adjacent to figure
>the last image I saw was the figure turning its head towards me and making eye contact for a split second
>the eyes were a glowing pale yellow and I was instantly struck with fear

[266]

>Had recently passed my driving test and was taking my car out every night
>Decided to go into the countryside near me as I could drive faster on those roads
>Drive down a segment of roads notorious for accidents due to dangerous driving
>It's dusk so can see very little except shadows outside of the headlights
>Drive past what appears to be a shadow of a man hovering half in the road and half in the treeline
>Shadow doesn't react to the car headlight
>NOPE

Another time on the same set of roads:

>One of the road goes through some woods and has one section that goes straight for a couple of miles
>Similar to OPs picture, just narrower, bad road surface etc
>Have to drive carefully there as deer often charge out in front of cars
>Part way down the road see lights in my rear mirror rapidly getting closer
>"Oh great, another tailgater."
>Estimate he's now about 30 metres max behind my car
>Take a slight bend and carry on straight
>Lights never reappear behind me
>There was no turning the car could have taken

[267]

K I'll contribute one more. Not really good at green texting though. But if rather not write out a huge novel considering that I'm not at home and using my phone to post.

>be driving at four in the morning
>be DD for few friends
>they're wasted from drinking too much at party
>Loud and obnoxious
>five minutes later they're all passed out except for girl named Bree and dude named Jason
>J needs to piss
>pull over because I don't want him pissing himself on my nice leather seats
>he walks a long while to go piss around some bush
>shy guy
>he's taking forever so I decide to go for a short walk down the road
>backroads because party was at some farm house
>me and this other girl Bree walk a little bit
>oops did I say something wrong?
>she tells me to shut up and look
>down the road a bit we see this huge animal. Kinda looked like a bear if the bear was able to walk on two legs perfectly
>she sprints to the car but I want to investigate
>shout as loud as I can to scare the thing off but the thing just looks at me
>headlights make it's eyes all glowy and spooky as hell
>run full tilt back to car
>J as passed out in the passengers seat Bree sitting on his lap (six people in car so it's crowded)
>wheel out of there as if I was escaping the police
>pass by bear thing driving out
>it was huge. Like if a bear had babies with an elephant and said offspring took steroids
>looked in rear view mirror and only the tail lights illuminated it for a second
>it was chasing us
>going 140km on a dirt road in the bush
>muh car
>make it to the main road where there is streetlights
>look back and he's gone

Wtf. I asked Bree if she remembered any of it but she said she couldn't remember that night at all.

No one believed me.

[268]

>be me, 20 at the time (2008)
>acting stupid in an old datsun 240z I used to have
>sliding on gravel roads in Forksville county, PA.
>way up in the mountains, close to New York
>car started to act up and I stalled out
>put-put to a complete stop
>step out, open the hood (forward opening kind)
>nothing looks wrong
>get back in the car to try and start it
>out of nowhere my hood slams shut
>heart drops when I realize no one is there
>the hood rod was in place and holdin this thing up, you'd have to move it to do that
>I jammed my keys into the ignition so quick It screamed
>car starts like a champ
>in a cloud of dust I was off
>don't drive so deep into the woods no more

[269]

>driving
>come across a guy who had been run over on the road
>screaming
>get out of car to help and dial 911
>guy just sits up and sprints off the road and into the woods
>nope.avi

[270]

>be driving on I-85 late at night
>get near the exit to the kia plant
>there are two small dogs right by the exit
>one is laying down like he's injured
>the other one is standing nearby, making eye contact and looking worried
>it's like he wants someone to stop and help his friend
>missed the kia plant exit, but feel bad for the little guys
>get off on the next exit and turn around
>get off at the kia exit
>drive across the overpass, dogs are gone
>figure they must have wandered away from the highway
>drive slowly around the nearby area
>across from the factory at this point
>it's pitch black, no streetlamps
>suddenly my headlights shine on a pug standing defiantly in the middle of the street
>he locks eyes with me
>I look around
>the two from the exit are coming out of some bushes
>I look the other way
>more tiny dogs coming out of the trees
>I'm literally surrounded by a pack of toy breeds
>they look like they mean business
>not today
>nope out of there and continue home

They actually chased me down as I drove off. It was one of the most surreal and unfathomable moments of my life. A pack of toy breed dogs led by a boogly-eyed pug setting an ambush for a car.

[271]

>driving along with my buddy
>heading down the road and dusk is approaching
>driving north so the sun is setting to our left
>sky is dark blue
>cloudy
>we're laughing and jammin' out on a road, 45mph speed limit
>huge bat-type thing swoops down from somewhere
>probably a good 30ft above us
>covered a portion of my windshield even at that height
>instantly look at each other and ask if the other saw that

I don't know if I'm giving it justice because it didn't look like an animal or anything. Kind of like a black thick shadow that spread out and then collapsed on itself as it vanished into the sky very quickly.

[272]

There's a road in Andersonville, MI called Ware road. Here's the tale

Used to be a farm back in the early 1800's, but old farmhouse has been demolished due to kids screwing around in it/ getting hurt/ etc.

According to legend, the owner snapped one day and hung all his slaves from the trees, shot his family and himself.

>Be me, around 16-17
>Live in next town over, always known where the road is because we have a small lake house down the road from this place
>Decide me and my friends shall go get our spook on
>Drive down the road and get out when the road turns to mud as not to get stuck
>We walk around the entrance to the now forested haunt

>Birds chirping, etc.
>All of a sudden birds stop, and we hear bipedal movement through water directly to our left
>We were not 15 feet from where the noises were coming from
>Nothing there
>nope.jpg
>Hear children's laughter from off in the woods
>NOPE.png.gif.mpeg
>Move back towards car, wont unlock
>Interior light in car goes on
>wtf
>Hear same bipedal movement through water, just some sloshing around, then proceeds to start moving quickly towards us
>Car finally unlocks, get in and nope out

This was all before the DNR started renovating the area, it's now just a kinda mix between crappy nature trail and construction zone.

[273]

>2008
>Canadian, so obviously I played hockey
>Be driving home late at night from a game about 45 mins from where I live
>Hardly any vehicles on the road
>Driving across a small bridge
>See jogger, wearing a blue wind breaker
>Get closer
>Almost right beside jogger
>Some weird electrical disturbance screws with the radio
>Jogger fades away
>Quiet drive from there till home

[274]

>Last 4th of July
>Driving to Maine with three friends
>All teammates at UMass
>Decide to leave at night so we get there by morning
>Leave at 10 get to New Hampshire around 11:30
>Me and Jeff are talking, Donny and Byron are asleep in the back
 >Dat 99 Jeep Cherokee tho
 >Start to get this weird feeling that somethings is wrong
 >Start go through a mental checklist
 >Nah, all set
 >Keep hearing little sounds and grunts from the back
 >Keep telling myself it's my boys
 >Im lying to myself
 >A half hour of this weirdness goes by
 >On edge, somethings going on
 >Around 1, pull into a gas station near the highway, Need an excuse to get out
 >"Im craving an Arizona."
 >Me and Jeff go inside and get drinks
 >Go back outside
 >Look at my Jeep and MY TRUNK IS OPEN
 >"Dude what the hell?? "
 >I always lock it manually and double check every time, I even remember doing it before we left
 >Jeff wakes Byron and Donny up
 >Check the trunk, find a brand new foul-smelling oily spot spot near my helmet and football pads
 >Find an ice pick wrapped in a tattered cloth and a boot lace
 >Carry a loaded PPK underneath my seat in a locked box

[275]

Two years ago I was driving home from bouncing at a bar. Was on Route 382 near Brenneman Drive in Lewisberry PA.

Zipping along in my SUV. Walking towards me on the right hand side of the road was a really tall dude. Looked 6'6" or taller, very thin, wearing what looked like tight black jeans, a close fitting jacket or coat, dark complected with short wiry hair.

He was walking quickly toward me then, as I got closer, he/it dropped down to all fours and SPRINTED across the road in front of me. The face looked like a pushed in canine face, covered with fur.

I have no explanation.

After sharing info (partially) with a few VERY close friends it turns out that local cops, hunters and fire police saw or glimpsed the same thing but didn't want to lose credibility.

[276]

- > Driving through my tourist hometown
- > It's pretty well lit and pretty busy since I'm driving down a highway type thing
- > Suddenly cars have all disappeared, I can't hear anything except my own car
- > Pull over because I'm a wuss and a little freaked out by the sudden abandonment
- > All store lights and street lights are still on but not a soul in sight and not a sound now that I'm pulled over.
- > Out of nowhere my radio which has been dead for weeks crackles into life which scares the crap out of me
- > It's playing some talkback radio or something
- > Until I hear my name
- > "You are still driving."
- > "Drive."

> Snap back to reality, road is full of cars and sounds
> Wonder if I had a mild psychotic break

[277]

>flying down a country road at 80mph with my dangerous reckless dad
>climb hill, dad gives me this look which says "I'M GONNA FLOOR IT"
>crest hill
>massive bird devouring road kill deer near side of the road, wings splayed in a circle around the deer
>bird could have easily encircled half the car with its wings
>dad floors it but for obvious reasons
>confused because my dad is a geek about birds and he would normally check it out even if he knew it was a vulture
>ask dad if that kind of bird is dangerous
>he says he never saw a bird that big in his life, and he has seen albatrosses
>huh, weird
>we get to my "uncle's" house (close family friend), he's native and somewhat superstitious despite being trilingual and a physics college professor
>tells my dad over a beer that he probably saw a thunderbird
>says he saw one of his sheep (confirmed by ear tag) several miles away, mostly devoured, halfway up a tree
>ask both of them about the story years later
>they confirm it actually happened and it wasn't false memory

[278]

>Just got off work, worked until late (1AM)
>Walking out with my boss, was going to follow her to her house

since mine recently got burglarized, and didn't feel safe alone without my gun.

>Get in car, refuses to start, which is the least surprising thing to me

>Ask if I can hitch a ride with her, she nods, and I get in the front passenger

>Her house is a ways away, through some suburbs and a long stretch of country road with all sorts of stories on it

>Be driving, flipping through some of her music CDs, look up because about to light up a smoke before we get there

>See group of men in dark robes walking in a linear, straight line across road with torches

>As we get closer, and finally stop, we're about 17ft from them as a whole

>Middle of the line I suppose, see some of the guys dragging something in chains

>It gets in the radius of the headlights and it's some creature, really long legs, a strange, arrow shaped head, and it's bleeding and groaning

>Manager gasps and shrieks "What the hell is that?"

>Had window open, and she was loud so the guys seem to just notice us, somehow and all stop a stare at us

>hear rustling in the bushes and two guys from each side start walking towards the car with something in their hands, I figure knives

>Tell her to floor it, and she backs up faster than I ever seen someone back a car up before, turn and speed away at 125mph

>Take alternate route which takes longer, see a large streak of blood

>Speed through it all the way to her place

There's a LOT of cult activity around where I live, but never heard of anything with creatures or anything, and most of the cults are just angsty teenagers, never anything like this. Currently not sleeping ever again.

[Recommended reading: The Nightmare Outside of Orwin.]
[Located in Screencapped Stories.]

[279]

>be me last summer
>live in the middle of no where all back roads
>drive to town in afternoon
>baby carriage at side of road
>slow down! nothing in it, keep going
>coming back around midnight
>carriage is a kilometre down the road on the other side
>freak out and speed last 10 minutes home

[280]

>2 years ago girl and I driving at 1 am in farmlands of Eastern PA
>I start talking about spooky stuff and say how creepy it would be if we saw a girl on the side of the road
>On the right side of the road, there's a woman in all white with her head down
>Girl speeds past the woman and starts freaking out
>I yell at her and tell her to turn around because she may need help
>We go back to find the woman standing where we passed her
>Drive up next to her and roll down the windows
>She's an actual person in her 40's
>Tells us her newly wed husband abandoned her in the middle of the day because of an argument
>She's new to the area and doesn't know where she lives
>Tell her to get in and let her in the back of the car
>I keep an eye on her as she talks about her abusive husband and how she met him at an auction only a few months ago
>We're driving for an hour trying to find a familiar place to her
>We come up to an old dirt road and she says she lives up there on a farm

>The husband most likely is at the house sleeping, by now it being around 2 am
>Slowly drive up a two mile long dirt road into a giant rundown house with metal junk littered everywhere
>She gets out and tells us to stay there while she tries to get inside
>By this time the girl and I are freaking out thinking we're going to die seeing as how I didn't give her a chance to slit our throats in the car
>She slowly creeps up to our car and tells us she found a way inside and says she needs to pay us for helping her
>We decline and say we're happy she's safe and should probably find a new husband
>We drive out of there so fast still thinking we're going to die

I know it's not that scary or spooky, but the whole time I felt that I was going to die that night because I wanted to be nice.

[281]

>Be driving home from a late shift at work. Moon is out, still a very dark night.
>Live roughly 30 miles outside of town with my cousin
>Driving along the interstate for some of the trip, take my turn and start the last part of the drive
>12 miles of dirt road that leads back into the woods. only have two neighbors who live right next to the road I am on. No one for 12 miles.
>I am about half way home when I come around a bend (going maybe 35) and I see some bright object crossing the road.
>Swerve just enough to avoid hitting it. Have no idea what it is was. Was very small.
>Replay making that turn and seeing the object a couple of times in my head, get curious, and turn around.
>Come around the corner and see the object resting on the opposite side of the road, totally still.

>Its a toy
>I get out and approach the toy. The forest is totally dark and totally quiet. still about five miles from home, 7 miles from the main road and nearest neighbor.
>It is a plastic toy train, just the engine portion of a train. I play with the wheels and wonder how it got out here.
>Turn the toy over and see a dial. give it twist.
>It's a wind up toy.
>Remember that this was rolling across the street. I drop the toy and begin to walk backwards to my car, too scared to turn around.
>rear bumps into the door. The door rocks, bumps into something and then settles... something is blocking the door.
>before I can turn around to investigate, hear something year off down the road, plodding like it's on all fours.
>Turn and see nothing
>Get in car and rush home

[282]

>grew up on farm
>remember spooky things there
>last night I'm back in my hometown
>the house has been abandoned
>strange urge to visit it
>with friends all day
>it's dark now
>forget it, I want to see the old farm
>driving there (have to take the highway 10-20 minures)
>a patch of fog sits right above the turn off for the farm (picture 1)
>spooky there's no water near this road to my memory
>now driving down a gravel road
>foggy as all fuck and getting worse
>headlights start to dim for a second or two periodically even though being on high beams the whole time (managed to get a

picture of it)

>yes, I know, low beams in fog, but the whole thing was so surreal

>have been travelling down this road for a while now

>longer than the expected turn off

>this isn't right

>set the trip

>I don't know if you know how range roads and township roads work

>but for those that don't

>township roads every 2 miles

>range roads every 1

>I'm awaiting a township

>feel like I've already went two miles

>going slow because of the fog, no way I missed the turn

>watching trip

>have went two miles with no sign of a township road

>starting to get uneasy

>fog is so thick I can barely see into the ditches now

>hit 4 miles on my trip

>so around 5-6 miles down the road

>nothing

>no sign of life and the fog is building

>lights dimming more often

>suddenly the radio turns to static

>confused as I remember getting this radio station at the house as a kid

>change the station

>they're all static now

And then...

>chicken out and turn around

>stay at a friend's

Did I find Silent Hill?

[283]

When angry, I tend to go on a drive to cool off

>angry about family issues
>gf tags along out of fear of my safety
>take random exit on a highway based on the length of song
>notice it's no longer urban environment but steady incline into the woods
>my anger subsides and my confusion takes hold
>driving deeper into the woods, houses are appearing further and further apart
>tell gf to pull up the gps to take us home, there's no signal
>it begins
>we start hearing circular saws
>it's been like ten minutes since we saw a crossroads
>the saws are getting louder as if someone was revving them in the backseat
>intensely heavy fog, driving fast wanting to leave, but slow down at any curve
>start seeing two dots in the rearview mirror
>going like 80 mph this whole time, no one should be this close
>horns blaring, it's a truck
>look at my gf, she's in tears
>the truck is getting closer and closer blinding my vision
>taking every turn fast
>truck is not letting up
>see lights off in the distance, it's a crossroad
>the gps finally finds a signal and it tells us to get right
>tell gf to not look
>decelerate slightly and swerve left and then make a sharp right
>truck goes left and we go right
>steepest descent
>slamming the brakes we're just speeding down
>we see lights at the bottom
>finally manage to control the speed as we enter this small town
>christmas decorations everywhere

>all the stores glowing with christmas lights
>no cars on the streets
>it's 3 am in September
>wtf.jpg
>every street corner with a lit christmas tree

The gps guided us all the way home. I've stopped rage driving since.

[284]

>be me, about 18 or 19
>one of very few things to do in my town is just drive around
>friend tells me he visited Monkey Mountain
>Monkey Mountain is a notorious little trailer park where the cops or ambulance won't even go in because the people there are so crazy.
>Tons of families living there on various properties, rumors of incest for years.
>Only one way in and out, so we'd have to do a u-turn to leave.
>"LET'S GO!!"
>Crappy weather, we're going at night, raining on and off
>We get there and it's pretty quiet. No one is out because of the weather, which I'm mildly thankful for.
>We pass the fourth or fifth trailer, see someone open the door and just watch us go
>This trailer is connected to a huge junkyard that looks like something out of the Texas Chainsaw Massacre remake
>Welp
>See a few other people watch us go by
>Remember my grandpa telling me that they call each other up when they see a car they don't recognize
>Oh lawd are we gonna die?
>Not really panicked at this point
>We reach the end of the park without incident and go on a back ride to turn around

>end up at an abandoned and dilapidated cemetery that has tons of booze bottles and trash and even a mattress near the entrance. Like they party there.

>What?

>We turn around and as we get back on the main road we notice a bunch of glass that wasn't there before spread all across the road.

>We just look at each other like "what?"

>Don't even hesitate, just floor it. Luckily, the car's tires are fine.

>Get the hell outta there

>A car ends up following us out and rides us for a long while until we reach the main town

It was pretty strange...

[285]

>driving home

>It's night

>now it's raining

>It's raining so hard I can barely see the road if I use the high beam lights

>Struggling to stay within road lines

>Cars in the distance with their bright lights cast a reflective line almost all the way to me

>It's like I'm driving on water

>slowly, a fog rises from the corners of my vision. It was warm days past not really surprising.

>feels as if I'm somehow not where I was

>Cars pass me quickly it feels like I'm on a ferry, the other cars seem to have no issue whatsoever speeding past me

>Reflective surfaces everywhere, silhouettes of trees litter my peripheral

>I begin to wonder if I'll make it home, I'm naturally swerving so bad, I can't see the street lines

>The sensation passes everytime I come across an intersection

as the flooding of light culls both the dark and somehow the fog
>Sensation is fleeting, fog returns, droplets of rain still harsh
>Make it home after passing one last intersection
>the fog doesn't come back

[286]

>2004
>was on a long road trip, that was leading me through NW Kansas
>had one of the first generation smartphones (nokia7610)
>had GPS, but it sucked, and would cut out if it didn't have phone signal.
>it's taking me down this looooong dirt road, and I lose signal.
>keep heading strait in hopes of eventually finding signal again.
>see farm, only sign of civilization in miles.
>slow down and stop, to see if anyone is outside. maybe get directions.
>abandoned. rusting farm equipment around the barn.
>almost start driving foreword again, but see odd specks in the dirt in front of me.
>they're nails. lots, and lots of nails sort of mixed into the gravel in front of me.
>Would not have seen it, had I not stopped in front of the farm
>noped the nope heard round the world.
>add an extra 30ish miles to my trip to avoid anymore dirt roads

Never in my life, did I feel so much dread. And being the tremendous beta that I am, I didn't even bother with telling any cops, in case I was dealing with a evil redneck town scenario.

[287]

>a little bit over a year ago

>me and my boyfriend is driving home from a trip
>He's sleeping in the backseat, I'm driving
>Driving along when suddenly the car behind us honks and he's waving and pointing to the side
>Uh, okay, I guess I'll see what he wants
>We pull over, he gets out and tells me that he saw that the left rear-wheel is wobbling and said that he could tighten the wheel nuts for me
>He pulls his tools out, is quickly done and I say thanks and we drive off
>Not even 5 minutes after that the wheel completely falls off
>I manage to somewhat pullover the car
>I see the guys car coming up behind me
>I quickly wake up my boyfriend because we're gonna get killed
>My boyfriend is a 6' 5" 220 pounds former football player and gets really cranky when you wake him up
>I'm about to burst into tears as I try and tell him what happened
>He jumps out of the car and starts hollering and screaming DONT GET CLOSE I'LL REK YA, SWARE ON ME MUM you get the idea
>The car speeds away again and we call for a tower

[288]

>be last christmas
>driving to gf's house 6 hours away
>decide to leave at midnight, so we can surprise the family
>be me, gf, and her sister and sister's bf in car
>driving along at around 3 am
>everyone is asleep except me
>middle of rural Texas, no towns or anything for miles
>see car on side of road with hazards on
>decide to call the cops, just in case guy needs help
>right as I pull out my phone, I see some guy walking down the

side of the road

>start slowing down to see if he needs help

>getting closer and see that this dude is atleast 7 ft tall

>start feeling a bit antsy

>wake everyone up, just to help calm my nerves a bit

>getting closer and realize it's walking on all fours, almost like a skinny ape

>gf yells at me to just keep going and call the police

>agree, but really want to get a better look at this thing

>down to about 5 mph and about to pass by it

>all of us look over and realize it's face is human

>it turns over to look at us, its face is uncanny valley

>almost i-Robot looking

>all of us scream and I slam my foot on the gas

>it whips its 5 ft long arm at the car and clips the back

>speed out of there, see it galloping towards us

>lose him in about a minute, but the girls in the car are crying and me and other guy are both freaking out

>finally call the cops and tell them about what happened

>said they'd go check it out

>never found out what happened with that

Still scares me when I think about it. Take a completely different route to get there now, just to avoid that stretch of road. Really wish the cops had gotten back to me after they figured out what happened.

[289]

>2008

>Live in village an hour away from the city

>Brother works in the city, gets up at 5am to go to work

>Has done it for years now, so its just routine

>Be driving same stretch of road he has a thousand times

>I've driven it before, its very lonely and at night pretty spooky (for reasons involving a church)

>Brother is driving along
>Sees a man standing in the middle of the road with his hand up trying to block the high beams
>Slows down to a stop and sees what looks like a really old car off the side of the road
>Guy is wearing a suit for some reason (like a 20s pinstripe suit)
>wtf, this is canada in the winter m8
>Brother is confused, gets out of truck
>Turns to close the door
>No one around

The guy and the car were completely gone. After asking around from people who drive that road every morning, they all just say "Weird things happen on that stretch. One thing is for sure, don't get out of your vehicle." - Said by my friends mom.

[290]

>going for a cross state drive for the hell of it
>about a week in nothing crazy happens. some weird orunsettling stuff but if you ever drive around an entire state you'll see that kind of stuff
>been driving and sight seeing all day, kinda tired and my back is killing me
>with the road looking like OPs pic I decide to pull off into a secluded truck stop area on the side of the road
>stretch out in my trucks bed, listen to music, eat, and read
>so serene I fall asleep until it's dark. decide I'm sleeping here and I'll get going again in the morning
>get in the drivers seat, lock the doors, get my knife and fall asleep, only to wake up again in an hour having to piss
>having that struggle of being so comfy I dont want to get up when I see something shift in the treeline
>if it's an animal I don't want to get stuck in here having to piss all night so I turn on the headlights
>some guy in a halloween rabbit suit, like the one from CSI, not

looking at me but walking by
>he turns to me and just stares, I'm thinking I might be lucid
dreaming so I pinch myself
>nope, this is real
>after a few seconds he starts walking towards the car
>turn it on, do a donut and speed off onto the highway doing 70

Creepiest thing to happen to me, and I've done a few of these road trips. I'm thinking it was just some crazy homeless guy, or maybe some kids pulling a prank, but that's a lot of commitment, walking around the woods off a highway at night, for a prank.

[291]

This happened 6 months ago roughly. I work as an armed security guard.

>Get relieved from my 8 hour shift.
>Work in the industrial district of my town.
>I'm tired, and it's late around 230/300 am.
>start driving heading towards the freeway to head home, when I notice a car is following me without its headlights on in my rear view mirror.
>I continue driving home like regular while still tracking this car following me
>I eventually head down my street (it ends in a dead end)
>the car is still following me and it's been about an hours drive
>I pull over in front of my house and I'm a bit scared because this guys been following me for a while
>I turn off my car place my right hand on my pistol and open my door to face the other car
>I come around to see nothing, as if nothing was there in the first place
>skitter into my condo faster than I have ever done before.

This is the only time something like so has ever happened. I

cringe a tiny bit every time I think about it.

[292]

One time I was in my friend's car and we were driving to get another friend at school. It was winter, so it gets dark really early. I'd say it was around 8, and we were on this highway and nobody else was on it. All of a sudden we saw a white mist in the headlights crossing the road, and as we hit the mist, the car slid to the side a bit. We always remember that night as the night we hit a ghost.

[293]

>riding around on my old 110cc moped
>like 2am
>used to work in delivery so I know the city's backroads like the palm of my hand
>want to get on the other side of a highway
>decide to take a shortcut
>look around for an underpass I know is somewhere near where I am
>finally find it, it's in a really run down neighborhood
>a single street light flickering lights the entrance
>underpass is completely dark
>start questioning my decision
>come on it's only like 50 meters
>head down the ramp
>moped's lights barely break through the darkness
>realize I can put on the high beams, they're not much better but will certainly help
>click
>see a man just standing there in the middle of the underpass

holding a piece of wood, staring at me
>slam the brakes
>see movement behind him, realize there were more people laying down, now getting up
>u-turn as fast as I can
>hearing running and something hitting the floor behind me
>clip my mirror as I was turning to get on the ramp to gtfo
>speed through back roads and alleyways
>pretty sure I rode the opposite way through several one-way streets
>finally calm myself down and head home

The moment I flicked on the lights and saw that man just stand there I almost lost all feeling in my limbs. My palms are getting frozen just typing this up.

[294]

>living in Hueland
>my father took me every year to the Pantanal so we could go fishing
>by fishing I mean he would do everything and I would just throw the line in
>place is completely composed of dead dirt roads and small villages with a lot of trees in between
>it had been the third time we went there
>heading to my dads friend house at night
>its a really long trip from where I live to there, about 6 hours
>middle of the way we find three black onças(I think it's called a jaguar in english) standing still near a small lake
>its really unusual to see stuff like this since they are very territorial animals
>dad stops in the middle of the road where we had a good view of it
>he did not turn it off just stopped
>dad rolls down the pickup truck window and turns on one of

those taticool flashlights that can blind a normal person
>they are just standing there looking at the other side of the lake
>dad turns off the car
>wut
>just as I'm questioning him about his mental health state he goes 'shhhh'
>oh crap, I can hear it
>the ounces are snarling and doing their characteristic guttural threat sound that can't be properly described (seriously look it up, it's scary and goofy at the same time)
>"What are they snarling at?"
>dad just points to the other side pf the lake
>a creature about 7 feet tall is standing right there
>the lantern doesn't shine much light there because of the distance
>but from what I can see it has huge claws(like 15 to 20 cm) and is covered in black fur
>me and dad see its eyes reflecting the lantern light ad it looks our way
>it gets on all fours and dashes for the woods behind it
>the ounces stop snarling and run to the woods behind them
>I ask dad if bears were native to that region and if so why is it that his friend never told us(my dad's friend taught us about the fauna and flora of the region and how to survive when we went the first time)

>dad tells me that there aren't bears in that region
>he says that he doesn't know what it was
>he starts the car and we keep going on the road

Just to explain the position we were this dirt road circled the small lake making a tangent with one of the sides,where the lake, the small clearing around it and the woods it were visible. Also, we were on the half moon + the lantern, so we had a preety good visibilty of the clear patch

>we are going through the part of the road near the woods where the thing ran off.
>I'm looking at the pitch black woods since my dad was super

quiet

>two eyes reflect the light from the headlights in the diagonal of the car.

>when we pass it, I look at the back window and see it with the help of the backlight of the pickup

>it looks very much like a bear but the proportions are wrong

>it is extremely thin in the arm and legs, but huge torso

>the fave was absolutely black, not sure if from the lighting but all I could see was that green glow from the eyes

>then in began chasing the car

>oh god

>my dad was completely oblivious to that 3 seconds I just spent looking at it

>I yell at him to hit the gas

>he looks in the mirror and sees the green dots

>dad accelerates and eventauly the eyes vanish from behind us

>we arive at the friends house and he looks at us like we are crazy when we tell the story

The rest of the trip was pretty normal, but I was flinching at the slightest sound.

Eventually we stopped going there, but man, Pantanal at night is eerie.

[295]

>be 6

>family of six, our parents are rabbits

>going to Croatia after years of not going

>(we used to go there monthly before, my dad is selfemployed)

>there's this place where they make delicious spitroasted lamb in the hills

>it's just a minor detour off the motorway, totally worth it

>get lost since dad forgot how to get there

>hills get foggy, plus we're on a serpentine

>Get deep in a forest
>older brothers saying stupid silent hill and other horror reference jokes that I don't even get at the time
>Suddenly a hellhound jumps in front of the car
>dad brakes like mad
>wolf(?) takes a glance at us and jumps into the woods on the other side of the road

I was in the back so I just saw a large black thing. The people in the front seats say it had "glowing" amber eyes. Oh and even I saw that it was pitch black and the size of a small horse. It was unbelievably black, the white fog didn't take effect on it. I don't even know how to explain this. My dad stopped like 4 meters away and the road was blurry because of the fog, but not the wolf. I don't know if that's understandable. The fog cleared up minutes after, even though it was there for like two hours before, and we found our way back to the motorway. My dad insisted that he didn't make any wrong turns. On the way back, my dad (secretly since none of the family wanted another encounter with that thing) made the detour and easily found his way there, seemingly making the same turns.

[296]

I used to go on a lot of road trips with a couple friends when we were 18-20. We were just a bunch of depressed and directionless NYC kids who didn't go to college.

It may seem stupid, but getting out of the city was a nice form of escapism. We'd split gas money, buy snacks, and just drive aimlessly all night long. I have a couple of stories.

>My friend Al and I were driving in North Eastern New York state.

>We reach an intersection. Al asks me to pick a direction. I chose right.

>We drive on a winding road through the countryside with no houses and no cars.

>After about 20 minutes we hit an intersection.

>It's the same one we started at with the very same gas station on our left.

>Whatever, no big deal.

>So we go forward this time.

>Road climbs up a mountain. Our ears are popping from the air pressure so we open the windows.

>We come down a winding road and hit an intersection.

>And there's that gas station on our left.

>wtf

>Maybe we're idiots, we go left this time

>We're driving for almost an hour and decide to put on the radio.

>weird jazz music, feels good man

>song fades out and there's nothing but silence

>here comes that same intersection again

>Al and I are worried that we're in purgatory

>We turn around and the road is exactly as it was when we first hit the intersection.

>We're weirded out the whole way home.

>Another time Al, Mike, my gf, and I are driving on Long Island.

>We drive on Sweet Hollow Rd

>New York kids from LI know that Sweet Hollow Rd has supposedly been haunted dating back to the days of horse drawn carriages

>It's a dangerously winding road. Lots of accidents

>People also say that a ghostly woman runs across the road and people get into accidents swerving to avoid her

>No ghosts but so foggy we can only see a few feet in front of the car

>Dark foggy winding road surrounded by trees

>spooky stuff

>The car is basically crawling so we don't run into anyone or anything we can't see

>We eventually make our way to the equally spooky Mount Misery Rd

>At the end of Mount Misery there's a dead end blocked by a log wall

>Al and I step out of the car to smoke

>We walk over to the logs and hear someone on the other side shout "GET OUT"

>We NOPE right back into the car and drive out to Orient Point where we smoke a bowl and skip stones

>good memories

>On a lighter note when you drive around Long Island there are some places that will make you feel like you are time traveling

>Lots of 80s fashion, dudes driving El Caminos, fast food places using their old designs

>There's even a Burger King that still makes Rodeo Burgers (circa Wild Wild Est now in theaters starring Will Smith)

>On a more grim note

>Once my gf and I drive past a car that crashed into a pole

>We pulled over to check if they needed help

>Driver was just staring into space

>A girl in the passenger seat is just rambling about birds

>We ask if they're okay

>Driver says "Yup"

>Should we call 911

>"I already did. You should just leave. Just keep driving."

>He never looked at us once.

>We slowly drove away

>Checked back a few hours later and the car was gone

>I hope they were okay

[297]

>Driving through the desert one night near the White Mountains in California.

>See a figure standing on the side of the road.

>Slow down a little.

>Man in a three piece suit and suitcase standing there in the middle of nowhere.
>Drive past him.
>Friend says "Dude, you should go back and check on him."
>I think about it.
>Turn around about a mile up the road.
>Guy is nowhere to be seen.
>Literally nowhere he could have gone since everything is flat for miles.
>Like a fool I pull over and get out.
>Shine a flashlight into the desert.
>See nothing, but keep hearing a light hum.
>Get in the car, and get out of there.

[298]

>driving U-Haul with a crap ton of stuff
>very, very sleep deprived
>midnight Mississippi
>decide to pull over for sleep
>get off on country road
>spooky, don't care
>about to pass bridge
>notice weight limit sign
>screw it, I'm tired
>as I drive over, hear bridge audibly break
>panic
>look back and the bridge looks ok, but no turning back
>keep trying to turn back onto freeway
>only find more small bridges that won't support me
>stuck in backwoods crazy overgrown Mississippi
>I swear I passed a sign that read something about my own murder
>stop and stare at it for 5 minutes straight
>cry sweat
>after 27 miles of sheer terror I make it onto the highway again

>Mississippi still strikes fear into my heart

[299]

>Driving with boyfriend on a stretch of road back to his place
>Been driving for about 1 1/2 hours
>1/2 hour to go until we get to his
>Turn onto this road that we've heard alot of stuff about
>'Nah babe it's fine, I drive on it everytime I come and see you'
>Start feeling uneasy
>Need to pee
>'Anon, can we pull over I need to pee really badly'
>Pull over, car passes (the only one we saw since we pulled onto that road)
>Boyfriend pees on the side of the road as well
>I'm finishing up and I hear a soft noise
>Sounds like an soft spoken woman murmuring to herself
>Tell boyfriend to listen and he hears it too
>"Its nothing, animals out here sounds weird all the time"
>Impossible for someone to just be randomly out there, there's no houses just bushland
>Get back in car still consumed in case it's a person needing help.
>Hear a soft 'Help me, please help me'
>Reach for the door handle and my boyfriend stops me
>Says we need to leave. Uh, why?
>As I ask that whatever it was screams 'I'M GOING TO KILL YOOOOOOOU'
>Boyfriend floors it
>See random thing dart from the long grass probably 2-3 meters from where I was peeing
>OMG OMG
>Drive for maybe 40 seconds up the road, there's a bend
>Just as the headlights hit it, a group of 4 people are swatting on the side of the road, EATING A COW
>AS IN HANDS DEEP INSIDE THE COW'S GUT AND CHEWING ON

WHAT THEY PULLED OUT.

>Headlights hit them, all look and one stands up.
>Went to step out in front of the car but boyfriend was going too fast and we past them before it got onto the road.
>Noped out, tried to talk about what happened once we were at his place but we can't figure out what type of people would be out here at 10pm eating a friggin' cow.

I had heard stories about stuff like that happening along that road, but I have no idea what we saw. I don't like driving on that road even in the day time now.

[300]

Not mine, but my dad's. He never misses a detail when telling it so I'm inclined to believe him.

>Driving back from visiting wife-from-hell's family (at the time, ex-wife now), small town.
>Almost two hours from the city
>11pm
>She was talking and talking and the radio was on very low
>He just drowned out her voice so it was all white noise basically
>Suddenly no cars on front, no cars on back
>A guy on a horse appears a little ahead and they slowly catch up
>Horse is barely jogging but it takes almost a minute to catch up to it
>They're going at about 40 mph
>She shuts up because they both feel something's wrong
>There's tall grass next to the road, no trail. Too tall for horse to be jogging so comfortably
>Also, horse pace too calm to be going as fast as it's apparently going
>They catch up to it and they both take a good look at the guy
>White hands, pale brown clothes, cloth hoodie
>He can't look at his face, hoodie covers it up

>Looks down, bare feet, also white. Limp legs even if body was upright. Limp enough to note
>They slowly pass him
>Neither of them looks back and to this day they don't know why
>After a minute some cars appear, everything goes back to normal
>Says he didn't notice the radio was still on while it happened and "maybe it wasn't"

He's a complete atheist but he swears by this story, and she confirms. He also often joked she should've stretched her arm to see if he was tangible. Whenever he said it in front of her she would shudder and say "what if it took me?"

[301]

>Be about 12 years old with my mom
>We're driving in rural Wisconsin for a reason I can't remember
>Barely see any houses, turn down winding dirt road
>Woods on one side, fields on the other
>Suddenly very tall odd looking dog thing comes trotting down the road
>Walking like it has some where to be
> Mom slows down as we pass it, it just dead-stares us through the window
>Never turns its head away
>Look in mirror, it's still looking at us

Then my mom says very uncomfortably "that was pretty weird..." I agreed and we got back on the regular highway.

Just that overwhelming feeling of confusion as to whether you should be scared of something or not.

[302]

>be me, taking cousin home at ~3:30AM in my car
>drop him off, take a shorter route back on a fairly barren back road through the marsh
>in the space of maybe 10 seconds it goes from clear sky to fog
>cue thoughts of Silent Hill
>suddenly a deer walks out into the middle of the road, but doesn't run like they normally do
>instead it slowly walks across the road
>I swear the thing actually looks at me
>deer jumps across a ditch into a stand of trees
>spooked. not sure why but continue on
>get close to home and two different streetlights flicker on and off as I'm passing
>fog disappears almost as quickly as it appeared
>avoid driving down that road at night now

[303]

I haven't had experienced anything odd when I do my current newspaper route between 12am and 6am. It's the route I did before it.

I started my newspaper job at the beginning of November back in 2013; they didn't have any routes open close to my house, so they gave me a temporary route that was in the county north of mine until a route opens. People who have done the route before me were pretty good in pointing out addresses that were usually hard to find and making corrections on the route book.

As I was familiarizing myself with the route book, one of the guys mentioned one of the roads on the route gave him the creeps and I didn't really think much of it, since I just assumed he was trying to pull my leg because I was a new guy.

Well, I didn't really see anything wrong with the road, when I got to it; it was an old road with trees almost right at the asphalt and roots were pushing parts of the road out, creating bumps and cracks; I only had one customer there and nothing out of the ordinary happened, just the sound of crickets chirping and dogs barking.

The next night, I talked to the guy about not seeing anything, which he replied that things will need to be in the right conditions in order to see it happening. He told me I would have to park and turn off the car whenever it's foggy out for about 10 minutes and it'll be there.

Well, the next several nights were pretty clear, but it was that weekend it had rained the day before and fog had appeared in the area, which I figured I should try this out. The fog was dense, you could only see a couple hundred feet ahead of you; when I got to the road, I went ahead and delivered my paper and then turned the car around and waited with the car off.

I waited for what seemed like forever; the crickets weren't chirping today, but the dogs were still barking due to my presence.

As 10 minutes had passed, nothing happened; I figure the guy was just playing a trick on me and just wanted me to finish my route late, since we have a deadline, but I figured I should wait for 5 more minutes and then continue with my route.

Sure enough, 5 minutes has passed and nothing had happened; I should mention that the habitants here like to leave their outside lights on. I gave up on waiting and started grasping the key; before I could turn it, all the lights went off. It wasn't just the house near me that had their lights off, the houses next to it and the one street lamp went out. The dogs stopped barking as well.

I looked around and I couldn't see anything; I figured I'll wait a few more minutes, but then the rear of my car started to get lower as

if somebody was pressing their weight on it.

I lost it, started the car and bolted out of there; the lights came back on as I was leaving. From then on, I continued delivering the paper there without stopping, until I got my new route.

[304]

There's this guy my mom used to tell me about who's in a loony bin after a bad car ride with his family when he was around 18. In any northern part of Canada's providence, the roads there are in disrepair and eerie with the miles of thick trees and bush around you while driving. Especially at nighttime.

Anyway, the guy was in the backseat thinking he'd probably get home and play some Xbox, but halfway to home he decides to watch the darkness inside the trees and this is where it gets spooky. He started flipping out and screaming, wailing and whatnot, and when he can finally collect enough of his marbles he tells his family there were red eyes belonging to a bulky dark figure standing inside the bushes. He made eye contact with the thing and is now traumatized, so I've been told. Canada has a 'werewolf', or something with enough intelligence to run across the rooftops of homes in northern communities. Old people can be really informative.

[305]

- >be driving friends from CA to KS because they had no other ride out there
- >driving through the night to make better time
- >following an old gps that glitches out at around 3am
- >no idea what state we're even in

>gps takes us through what appeared to be some government roads with strange names
>end up in a small town
>not a single car in the entire town
>no lights on in any buildings either
>preparing to nope
>gps keeps taking us in big circles through this ghost town
>I then notice a few lights only a few hundred feet up underneath the clouds on our right
>outside temperature drops to -7°F from like 38
>they maintain their position relative to the car as we frantically try to find a highway
>are followed for about an hour
>finally find another town with people
>never see lights or town again

None of us know what happened, but we all felt like we were being watched. The town had a single main street, but everything was just dead. Not even crickets or wind. It felt to me like a... well a nuke town, since there was nothing but those government roads for tens of miles in all directions.

[306]

>be about 18
>10 years ago
>bored and hanging out with a friend
>we decide to go for a drive
>live in a rural town, so there's hundreds of dirt roads around the place to explore
>probably been driving for an hour in his ute all over the place
>head out to one of the mountain roads
>its a really windy one with dozens of hairpins
>road is long so we probably drive it for 20-30 minutes before deciding it's boring and turning around
>not 30 seconds after heading back an old beat up old pickup

comes screaming up behind us
>we're cocky young blokes so my friend hits the gas
>sliding out on every corner absolutely flying down the mountain
>this guy cannot be shaken, keeps up easy as you please
>takes all of 10 minutes to get back down to the bottom
>as soon as we hit flat road and get past the treeline this guy stops, turns around and heads back up the mountain

The hills have eyes, kids.

[307]

>driving home to my parents' horse farm with a friend in my car
>both of us see and acknowledge two amish people and a dog walking on the side of the road and turning into the second driveway
>amish people at a farm is not an unusual thing
>pull into the driveway, and we get out of the car
>we go into the office where my mom is, to tell her to expect company
>just a few seconds later, I step back out of the office to say hello
>there's no one to be found
>in the 5-10 seconds I took my eyes off them, the amish people were gone
>in either direction up and down the road, there is no one
>no one is on the property
>no amish people anywhere

This experience occurred several months before mine, but only involved my mom and clients (I wasn't present).

>driving early in the morning to a horse show in at least 2 vehicles
>a lead vehicle, and the second being a truck towing the horses
>just 300-400 meters after leaving the driveway, the first vehicle brakes abruptly, and swerves nearly off the road

>no one in the second vehicle saw anything
>driver and passenger of first vehicle are extremely distressed and claim to have seen an amish woman and a dog walking in the middle of the road
>driver and passenger of first vehicle are convinced the truck must have hit the woman and dog, who did not move out of the road
>no evidence of the presence of an amish woman and dog to be found

[308]

One night I was driving down a road near my home, when I see a deer jump out in the road far ahead. No big deal, I slow down, it moves off the road so I speed back up. Then about 20 seconds later I feel like I'm being watched....

Look to my right and there is a deer running next to my car in the grass. It looks over at me and we lock eyes for a split second. I turn back to focus on the road, drive the last few miles home wondering if this deer is still following me. I get home and dont see any deer... but sometimes I feel like that thing is still around, creeping on me at night, even though I moved two and a half hours away.

[309]

Um...well this scared me.

>be security, driving patrol route
>stop on route every night is this canyon area up above LA.
>first night solo patrol, canyon is new account
>have to go past Jurassic Park style gate

>past abandoned guard shack
>up into a canyon in a Prius
>come to tunnel
>If you're wondering, it looks exactly like the fabled "Bunny man" tunnel
>drive through tunnel
>gun drawn and sitting on seat next to me
>fog rolls in
>crappy overused Prius is straining
>fog clears a bit ahead
>in time for me to see deer
>dead deer
>dead deer dragged into bushes
>by
>I swear to God
>long skinny gray arm with no sleeve or anything
>drags dead deer by its leg into the bushes
>NNNNNNOOOOPPPEEE
>Hit end of road
>GPS in car pings to let me know I hit the route stop
> road dead ends into Grove of trees
>no building
>no pipes
>no nothing
>just paved road and then trees
>ohgodohgodohgod
>ride brakes down the canyon
>all lights on
>feeling of being watched
>see bushes shake beside a turn like I just missed something
>get back to Jurassic Park gate and lock it
>file report saying "signs of trespassing" cause nobody is gonna believe the truth
>never hit that spot again

The account closed with our company three months later. I never heard anyone else report anything weird. Come to find out none of the other guards went up the canyon. They'd all sit at the crossroad at the bottom and log "vehicle difficulty" or some other

nonsense reason they couldn't make it up there and just made sure the gate was locked. I talked to a couple of them after I left the company about that spot and they said they were all scared to go up.

Hell no it wasn't a skinwalker. No noise. No smell. No attempts to communicate.

[310]

This happened on a road trip in the mid-90's.

>Driving through Northern Nevada moving In-laws stuff to Seattle from New Mexico
>Huge 24' moving truck and friend as co-pilot
>had drove for 18 hours straight
>come to roadblock
>highway is shut down because of a wildfire miles down the highway
>have to use back-back roads to get around but low on fuel
>bring out ThomasGuide, this was before car GPS and cell phones
>about a 75 mile detour
> figure we'll go for it
>turn around and go back a fork or two
>take road northward
>road is hardly used, don't see another car
>see trashbags in road, looks like it's been there a long time
>road turns into literal one lane road
>then into a gravel road!
>reach the point of no return on gas
>we decide to stop to pee and reconsult map
>no structures visible for miles
>pee, light up smokes, get map out
>figure we are headed in the right direction and this road meets up with a larger road then a town

>get in a switch to the passenger seat as buddy starts driving
>driving again
>no stations but Fire & brimstone Christian on radio
>listen to it anyway
>we are drinking coffee from a thermos
>smoking, laughing, life is good
>glance out at road
>see a person laying in the road!
>yell out "George look out!!!"
>he spills coffee and twist wheel
>person had brown on and blended in
>too late for breaks
>George swerves halfway off the road
>go up small embankment
>dirt and dust spray into the air
>come back down onto the road violently
>front right tire gets back onto gravel
>we come to screeching halt
>we both bumped our heads inside the cab
>no blood, but rattled
>get out of the truck to check out the tire
>suddenly remember the dude laying in road
>head back towards the spot
>no street lights
>flashlight is in truck
>go back to get it
>hear George yell "He's up! He's up and running!"
>George has small penlight aimed across a culvert and into a forest of dead trees
>I shine the large light and see the same brown color crashing through the dense dead brush
>it looked like a tall thin man with a brown cloth folded around his face to conceal his identity
>his clothes looked like a rough fur or gunny sack
>he ran maybe 100 yards into the trees and then stopped
>I got a cold deep fear in my stomach as the dust from our skid filled my mouth and nose
>everything fell silent as we both listened intently
>George yells out "Hey man are you ok??"

>the thin man answers
>he screams a blood-curdling scream back at us from the woods!
>like an animal caught in a trap
>we both looked at each other in the flashlights
>turned and without a word sprinted back to the cab
>jumped in and locked the doors
>we floored it out of there
>My guess was he was trying to kill himself
>he moved too fast to be a drunk passed out in the road
>George says it was a Indian trying to make us crash to rob our truck

I didn't unlock my door until we crossed the Oregon border.

[311]

>turning onto a country road I'm familiar with, have stayed there a couple of nights while checking out the area
>usually deserted at this time
>turn tight corner, see a car parked up at the side
>it's facing me and looks empty, no fogged windows or anything
>wouldn't be too weird in the day because dog walkers/cyclists, but this is the dead of night
>slow down and have to pull up onto the grass verge to pass
>headlights shine into the car as the car tilts up on the verge
>suddenly see the driver and front seat passenger
>they are not human
>facing forward, completely still, huge black eyes, elongated faces, yellow skin, mouths stretched open so wide their chins almost vanish behind the dashboard
>abruptly look away, just focus on driving past
>as I come alongside the car I see two more in the back
>all four of them stare at me as I pass
>get past, hit gas, do not look back
>I did not stay there that night

Also:

>another narrow country road in the dead of night
>this one has tall hedges on either side
>taking it slow because tight bends
>come around an especially tight one, practically crawling along
>just as well really because right where the light from my
headlights starts fading there's a child
>a child just standing in the middle of the road
>it's a boy and he looks about three
>I stop
>as I do, the child turns and begins running down the road
>I'm obviously worried, so I move along after him, keeping my
speed low
>he keeps running, kind of like a rabbit
>panicky, jerky movements, darting back and forth to the sides of
the road
>hedges are too high though
>he runs around a corner
>I come around it a few seconds after
>he's gone
>nowhere he could have vanished to, because again, tall hedges
>no way he could have reached the next corner in those few
seconds
>flip my high beams on to make sure
>nope
>nothing
>drive out of there, find somewhere else to stay, start seriously
thinking about motels

[312]

It's not a super spooky story or anything, but one night I was driving back home from a friend's place. It was around 1am/2am, and the roads are absolutely empty at that hour. My car didn't have a radio of any kind at the time, so my rides were always

silent. But while driving, just kind of thinking about the night, I heard whistling in my back seat. It wasn't a feint 'wind like' whistle. It was more like Link playing an Ocarina in my back seat; very distinct, very strong notes of a tune. The tune was 8 individual notes, and then it was repeated. After that, there was no noise.

When I heard it, I did get the shakes a little bit, but I simply pulled over to the side of the road and just kinda sat there for a little while. I didn't even look in the back seat until I got home. (my car was completely empty & clean, so there literally wasn't anything that could've made the noise. Nothing was in it at the time, not even my phone was with me.) I actually tried to remember the notes that I heard, because I wanted to go home and write them down just for the sake of remembering it better, but I forgot what they were by the time I made it home. It was like a 25-30 minute drive, but my mind was preoccupied with who or what whistled that tune, and why.

Remembering that moment while typing this made my eyes water a bit. It's not even scary, per say, but it was genuine.

[313]

>Live in Norway

>Driving home one night. In Norway, it never gets dark at night during the summer. This was around 1AM and I was driving home. Light outside, but cloudy

>To get home from her, I have to cross a mountain pass

>There isn't much up there. Just some cabins and summer pastures for sheep and goats

>I drive further up through a bend, and see a whole herd of sheep come towards me in the middle of the road

>Sheep on the road is normal. Usually they lie down on the asphalt to warm themselves during the evening, but these guys seemed to be in a hurry

>Get past the herd and drive further up the mountain pass
>Get up to the highest point, which is a rather long valley
>From the lefthand side of the valley, I saw something weird
>At first I thought it was an avalanche, but realized it was thick fog who came crashing down the mountain in a tremendous speed
>I've never seen anything like it, and thought it was quite cool, so I stopped the car to film it with my mobile
>I stepped outside and found it to be dead silent, usually you can hear a bird or two, but now nothing
>I took out my phone and filmed it
>I got back in the car, and although it was kinda cool, it also spooked me a little
>I drive further, and not long after I get completely enveloped by this dense fog. I could barley see the tip of the hood, so naturally I had to slow down to snail's pace
>The windows were up, and I had the AC on, but suddenly it felt really cold. I also felt this deep sense of dread, the kind you really can't explain, even though I was "safe inside the car"
>I just drove on, terrified
>Finally I got out of it. It was like passing a wall. Completely clear
>I looked in the rear view mirror and im sure I saw what looked like a silhouette of a tall person
>Pedal to the metal, I noped right out of there
>Got home to check the video
>I had filmed the fog from distance, but the video: Just white.

[314]

>live in rural Pennsylvania
>driving at night
>see old man shambling down the street
>long scraggly hair, but the top of his head is bald
>appears to be wearing rags
>shambling, shaky gait, arms outstretched and shaking
>gave the impression of being a marionette

>walking a bit behind him is a younger male in a long white cloak
>he's got his head bowed and his hands are in a prayer position
>his mouth is moving like he's chanting something
>drive away

100% true story. Never saw anything like that again and I've lived here my whole life. No idea what the hell that was all about.

[315]

>Me and two friends are driving cross-country
>Started from the East coast, heading to the West. Driving slow and enjoying things.
>We get to Arizona after a few days
>It's like 10 PM
>We've all been up for over 24 hours at this point
>Have not eaten in a long time, we ran out of what we packed by this point
>I'm driving and I'm about to fall asleep
>Neither of my friends are okay to take over
>Nowhere to get a room nearby, we don't really want to waste the money anyways
>We decide to just sleep in the car
>We stop at a gas station to get something to eat before turning in for the night
>Stop off at a Shell station in the middle of nowhere
>Besides us there's one other car in the parking lot, on the side of the building
>We get out of the car, I lock it
>Stretch our legs, go inside
>There's one dude sitting down behind the counter
>Looks as tired as we are, but he's awake enough to greet us as we walk in
>I go to piss, my friends go look at the crappy food
>Finish up, wash my hands and walk back out to find my friends
>Guy at the counter is standing up and looks wide awake

>He reaches out to me while I'm walking past and stops me
>Is that your car over there?
>yes
>Somebody just crawled under it

>I'm confused
>I just say "what"?
>Dude repeats himself, still pointing at my car
>Too dark to see under it
>I call my friends over
>He tells them what he told me
>Walks over to lock the doors while saying he's going to call the police
>My buddy (we'll call him J) tells him to stop
>He wants to go out there and look
>no
>Everyone tells him no
>Gas station employee says to wait
>He walks back to his counter and retrieves a big flashlight from under it
>The heavy kind security guards carry
>He walks over to the window and points it at my car
>We walk over
>He turns it on
>We can see the side of a dude's leg as soon as the light hits my car
>The leg twitches and starts shifting
>Moves forward
>It disappears for a second
>Figure starts to pull itself out from under the front of my car and onto the curb
>Can only see the back of it
>It makes it all the way out
>Turns around for a second
>Eyes shine like a Coyote's reflecting light
>It dashes straight forward and over a hill
>Eventually out of sight
>We're all silent

We ended up just leaving, the attendant didn't want to call the police after he was already gone. It was the first time he'd seen something like it. I was awake enough to drive by that point.

I swear to God I saw the same figure standing between the trees not 10 minutes later.

[316]

Not my story, something a native American guy posted a while ago, but it's some of the creepiest stuff I've ever heard.

>my dad picks me up from school in his pickup truck after he got off work one winter's night
>we were driving on a long stretch of road that goes through the woods, it's pitch black outside
>the truck radio didn't work, so I was just sitting staring straight out at the road getting hypnotized by the passing trees
>suddenly started to get an intense sensation that something was watching me through the window on my right
>I started to turn my head to see what it was when my dad yells "Don't look!"
>Immediately start to hear tapping on the window right next to my face
>heart stops
>only time I ever saw fear on my dad's face
>he started to pray loudly in Navajo
>stare straight ahead, heart pounding, not daring to look out the window
>suddenly the truck dips as a weight falls into the bed
>whatever this thing is is in the back, right behind my head
>start to hear tapping on the window behind me
>my father makes me look at him as he continues to pray
>close my eyes tight and wish for it to be over
>after a few endless minutes the truck dips again and the tapping stops

>my father says, "Tomorrow we will ask your grandfather to say a prayer, so the evil will forget our faces." (Navajo to English equivalent)

>drive home and lie awake in bed all night

>father and I never talk about it again

[317]

>Be some number of years ago, 2012 or so

>Giving a friend a ride home from another friend's house

>Know of a shortcut down a back road, decide to take it because it's 2 in the morning

>Been this way several times, know it like the back of my hand

>After driving for some time, it dawns on me just how long I'd been driving

>Definitely longer than it had ever been when I had gone this way

>Road has all of the familiar bends and turns, but none of the familiar landmarks

>Headlights seem to be absorbed by the darkness

>Think about how your headlights are absorbed by fog, only there was no fog

>I guess it was just that dark

>After 15 minutes, we finally get out of the void

>We're in another town in the exact opposite direction of where we were supposed to be headed

[318]

>driving down gravel road one night

>pass old church, abandoned

>my car headlights start flickering

>wondering what is happening

>finally they stopped working

>no way am I stopping by this church to look at a fuse or something
> everything else was working fine, engine, radio, heat.
> about half a mile later the lights started working again
>I was glad I didn't stop
>who knows what was going on
>still wonder
>never happened again
> haven't travelled same road at night again either since

[319]